



LOOKING FORWARD

▷▷ THE COUNTRY may have needed a good five cent cigar in Vice-President Marshall's day, but what it needs right now is adequate protection against terrifying advertisements.

▷▷ "IT COMES TO WOMEN and it comes to men, that secret *Fear of the Forties*," I read in the esteemed *New York Times* (advt.) last Sunday. Gunmen, I thought, at first—those fellows who shot up "Legs" Diamond. Consider my dismay to read on: "He is 'pushing forty-five' . . . (I am forty-four) and his job is pushing *him*. Younger men are treading on his heels. There is a slight, pelican pouch where a firm chin ought to be. The waistline is bulging little by little, in spite of golf and calisthenics." (Has my wife seen this? I thought with alarm, as I read on): "I am over twenty-one," she tells the election board, and is within her legal prerogative. If she still *looks* thirty—and *feels* thirty there is no point in advertising the fact to strangers that she is really forty-one. She may not admit it, but she too is nourishing that *Fear of the Forties*. What is the answer?

▷▷ WELL, THE ANSWER, Mr. Ripley, was Sheffield Farms' milk. But it came too late for me. I am permanently shattered. Fear has got me. I am thinking sympathetically of all those men whose best friends did not tell them; who never said a word at the party all evening; whose wives are watching them. I am increasing my life insurance at the same time that I am buying an annuity. I am seeing my dentist, buying cough medicine, testing my blood pressure, and watching fearfully for athlete's foot. Incidentally, I am saying farewell forever to all those gay and fashionable things I bought in the dim departed days, when the testimonial advertisements urged me to be in the swim and resemble the Vanderbilts, the Morgans and their Newport associates. At forty-four, my snobbery lies dead, pierced by Fear's swift arrow.

▷▷ SPEAKING CANDIDLY, I think it pretty clear that such advertising is not only bosh but an insult to the people to whom it is addressed. Fear is a tremendous thing with which to influence the human race. Charlatans have used it to gain their ends from the dawn of history down to Rasputin's yesterdays in Russia. But nothing is more ridiculous than a fear that has been exploded. It is a fair question if many advertisers today are not departing so far from the truth in utilizing fear to sell merchandise as not only to render fear itself of no further use, but even to bring all products thus advertised into disrepute with intelligent Americans.

▷▷ P. S. I didn't buy the milk.

FRANCIS RUFUS BELLAMY.

OUTLOOK

and Independent

VOLUME 157
NUMBER 13

April 1, 1931

Looking Forward	449
Frontispiece: A Cartoon by W. J. Enright	450

TREND OF THE WEEK	451
-------------------------	-----

Editorial	
Federal Council on Birth Control	458

Backstage in Washington	A. F. C. 459
-------------------------------	--------------

ARTICLES

The Week in Business	Frank A. Fall 460
What Business Booms Mean	William O. Scroggs 461
Pikeville Follows the Social Leader	Janet Kenworthy 462
Son of Progressivism	Barbara Giles 464
Testimonials, F. O. B.	Alva Johnston 466
The Spotlight on Sports	George Trevor 467

The New Books	470
The Biographical Part	Frances Lamont Robbins 470
The Week's Reading	R. D. Townsend 471
Virgilia Peterson Ross and Frances Lamont Robbins	
Behind the Blurbs	Walter R. Brooks 472
Work	Nels Anderson 473
The Latest Plays	Otis Chatfield-Taylor 474
The New Movies	Creighton Peet 475
Prose and Worse	Walter R. Brooks 476
Music	O. C.-T. 477
Opera Under Difficulties	Marshall Kernochan 478
Robert Laurent	Arthur Strawn 479

Next Week in the Outlook

King Babbitt's Court Jester. By Henry F. Pringle.

A portrait of Will Rogers, whose daily comments reach nearly 40,000,000 persons. At first he wanted to be a dumb rope juggler, and was angry when an audience laughed at his first stage monologue.

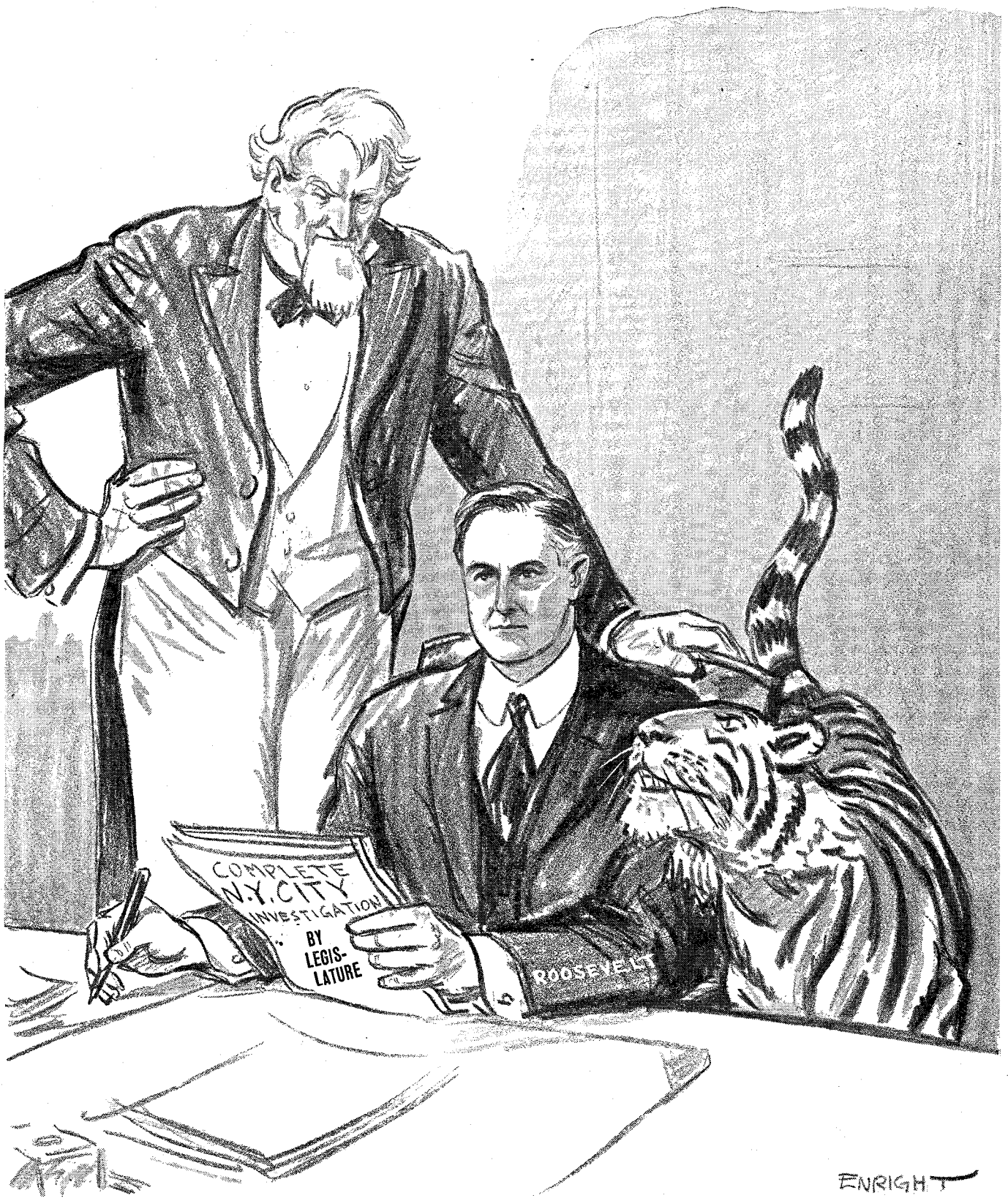
California, the Unbeloved. By Duncan Aikman.

Telling why the hinterland is both annoyed and amused by the Pacific Coast state.

Political Winds Against Hoover. By William Pickett Helm.

An article explaining a few of the causes for criticism of the President.

THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT, April 1, 1931. Volume 157. Number 13. Published weekly by The Outlook Company at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Ed.-Pub. Pres. Francis Rufus Bellamy; Vice-Pres. Marshall Kernochan. Harrison B. Freeman; Treas. Rodman Gilder; Sec'y William T. Adey. Subscription price \$5.00 a year. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the Postal Union \$6.56. Entered as second-class matter July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and July 20, 1928, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1931, by the Outlook Co.



HOW WILL IT AFFECT HIM?

OUTLOOK

and Independent

April 1, 1931

▶▶ Trend of the Week ◀◀

▶▶ "Sacred Thirst Pledge"

THE trickery which has corrupted the thinking of so many professional prohibitionists is well illustrated in the movement recently launched by dry organizations to secure five million signatures to the so-called Sacred Thirst Pledge. According to Dr. Clarence True Wilson, the movement has no political significance. For the sake of the argument, granted. Granted that it is simply a coincidence that this effort to collect evidence of dry sentiment should be started while parties and candidates are deciding which way, and how far, to jump on prohibition. But to grant anything else Dr. Wilson says would be out of the question.

"This is not a prohibition crusade but a total abstinence movement," he declares, "and it is thought that many of the wets who say they do not advocate saloons or drinking, but are only fighting prohibition in the interest of true temperance, will have an opportunity to coöperate with the dries in pushing for a five-million signature of the abstinence pledge, which simply agrees not to drink intoxicants or to patronize bootleggers."

The published text of the pledge contradicts Dr. Wilson flatly at every point. It is a prohibition crusade. The wets he describes cannot consistently coöperate in it. Finally, whoever signs the pledge does not simply agree to refrain from intoxicants. The pledge reads: "Believing that the drinking of intoxicating liquor does our people great harm and no good, *and that I should loyally stand by the Constitution of my country* and set a safe example before others, I pledge, God helping me, in honor of the sacred thirst of our Lord, and with the help of the Holy Spirit, never to drink intoxicating liquor or to use any narcotic or opiate, *and that I will through life exert my utmost endeavors to prevent*

their sale and use by others." (Italics ours.)

Now why should dry leaders pretend that this pledge is what it isn't and isn't what it is? Whom do they expect to trick? And how do they expect to get away with it?

▶▶ New York City Inquiry

THE REPUBLICANS in control of the New York Legislature did well to order an investigation of every nook and cranny of New York City's government. Like most investigations of the sort, it is purely political in nature. Its entire aim and purpose is to "get" Governor Roosevelt, now the leading contender for the Democratic nomination for President. Let there be no illusions about that. As one who wishes Governor Roosevelt well because of his anti-prohibition and other liberal policies, the OUTLOOK nevertheless welcomes the investigation heartily. We welcome it, first, because, though this is not its fundamental purpose, it promises to uncover and eradicate much of the rottenness in New York, some of which has already been exposed through inquiries ordered by Governor Roosevelt himself, and, secondly, because we do not believe it will hurt the Governor a fraction as much as some people believe.

The Republicans in the New York Legislature had an excellent opportunity to order a sweeping New York City investigation last year and refused to take it. When early this year they did seek to order such an investigation they were balked by the bolting of two of their own State Senators. Under heavy pressure—directed, apparently, from Washington—the bolters were eventually induced to support a resolution for a city-wide inquiry, and therefore one will soon be under way. The Republicans are now pursuing the strategy which we have often told our readers

to expect. That is, they intend to expose Tammany's every misdeed and then attempt to identify Governor Roosevelt with the Hall in the mind of the average American voter. So doing, they hope to prevent him from winning either the Democratic nomination or the presidential election of 1932.

Their plans, however, are unlikely to prove effective. Roosevelt, though not a member of Tammany, of recent years has indeed been closely connected with it, just as Mr. Hoover was connected with the notorious Fall-Denby-Daugherty Cabinet with which President Harding insulted the country; just as he has since been connected with the Republican national organization which has been attempting to live down Executive Director Lucas's back-stabbing in Nebraska and the scrimy anti-Catholic, anti-Smith campaign of 1928. Two years ago Rollin Kirby drew one of his greatest cartoons, showing a portly old gentleman labeled G. O. P. raising his hands in holy horror over the thought of Tammany. In the background stood such white-robed and winged Republican angels as Forbes, Fall, Daugherty, Sinclair and Will Hays. It is the old gentleman's purpose to raise his hands again for the same reason and against a backford even more dubious. Will the trick work, despite the fact that Mr. Roosevelt's integrity is admittedly unquestionable? We doubt it. We don't believe that it should work and we don't believe that it will. But at any rate New York City will be investigated, and Heaven knows it needs it.

▶▶ Go Home, Young Man

WILLIAM H. CRISSY, a young Philadelphia broker, made a bet with some friends that within a year he would play golf with John D. Rockefeller, Sr., Bobby Jones, and the Prince of Wales, and would dine with President Hoover.

He thereupon set out for Ormond Beach, Florida, and every day for a week waited for Mr. Rockefeller at the fifth hole. At last accounts, he had gotten nothing, not even a dime, for his pains. He was allowed to walk around the course, without playing, one day with the Rockefeller party, but that is all. He now thinks of starting for California to wait for Bobby Jones.

One sympathizes with Mr. Crissy's desire to win a little money in this year of our profitless prosperity. Yet it is doubtful whether—excluding those savages who put sugar in tomato soup—there is any one so objectionable as the person who rushes about trying to scrape acquaintance with celebrities on a bet or otherwise. It is bad for the celebrities; it makes them feel more important than they are. And it is bad for the acquaintance-scraper; it makes him a blow-hard, gives his face an offensive shine and causes moisture in the palms of the hands. Mr. Crissy should go back to Philadelphia and tide himself over as best he can until business picks up. Whatever the amount of his bet, it isn't worth it.

⇒⇒ Embarrassing Question

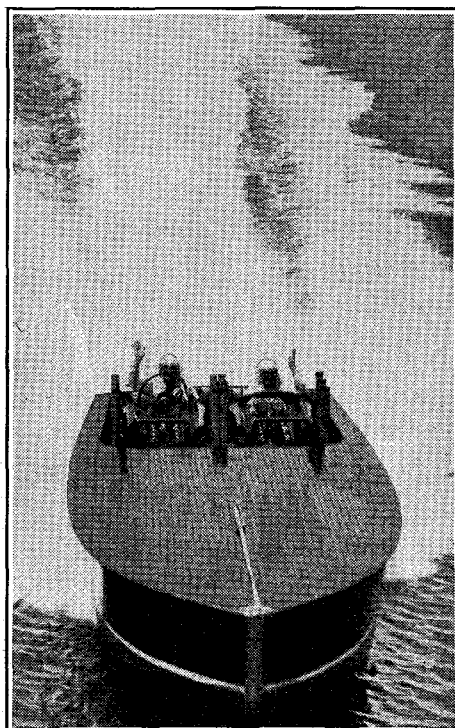
SOME DAYS AGO Secretary-General Drummond of the League of Nations dispatched a note to Washington asking what the United States intends to do about three protocols which it has signed but never ratified. One provides for the suppression of counterfeiting, another for the supervision of the trade in arms and the third for the prohibition of poison gas and bacteria in warfare. What Washington intends to do about the first two protocols we do not know. What it intends to do, or at least what it should do, about the third is to blush and hang its head.

The anti-gas protocol was introduced and vigorously championed by American delegates to an international conference at Geneva in 1925. Indeed, had it not been for the pressure brought to bear by our delegates the protocol might not have been approved. As it was, the other delegates yielded to our insistence, signed the protocol and submitted it to their Parliaments for approval. Since then it has been ratified by all the major powers save Japan and the United States. Though we introduced it, fought for it, and virtually forced other nations to adopt it, we have since disowned it. The protocol has been smothered to death in the Senate. This will

give you a rough idea why Europeans sometimes think of our foreign policies as being not only devious and undependable but just a little bit mad.

⇒⇒ Gar Wood's Record

ON MARCH 20, at Miami Beach, Gar Wood drove his Miss America IX a nautical mile (6,080.27 feet) in 40.50 seconds, covered the same Indian Creek course a second time in 40.58 seconds and thereby averaged 102.256 statute miles an hour. Wood's record displaced that of Sir Henry Segrave, who was



International

COASTING ON

Gar Wood (left) in his Miss America IX after setting speed record

killed after making 98.76 miles an hour last August on Lake Windemere in England. It gave Wood the prestige of being the first to do 100 miles an hour on water. It brought Sir Malcolm Campbell, who recently made 245 miles an hour in his racing-car at Daytona Beach, the hope that the record would be bettered by an Englishman and gave the Englishman Kaye Don a new mark to shoot at in Buenos Aires, where he was tinkering with his speed-boat, Miss England II. Yet it left most Americans cold.

Why? Gar Wood has been in his field what Dempsey, Babe Ruth, Bobby Jones and Tilden have been in theirs. Yet each of them is an idol and Gar Wood is not. The sports-loving public does not find its heroes on racing sands or water

courses. It finds them on diamonds, on gridirons, on golf links and in the ring, probably because the average man reading a sporting page recalls his own feats and failures in these very same places. Perhaps he has never hit a home run but he can remember that game with Washington High School when he got a base on balls. Perhaps he has never done much boxing, but he recalls the sockdolagers he administered and received on the way home from grammar school. But he has no conception of what it means to drive one of Gar Wood's speed-boats or even one of Malcolm Campbell's racing cars. Golf offers a case in point—Bobby Jones, in these days of many courses, is a thousand times as popular as any golfer of the days before courses were numerous. Probably, then, it is not publicity alone which produces idols but the sports the idols engage in.

⇒⇒ Rykoff's Revival

THE Sixth All-Union Soviet Congress has elected Alexei Rykoff to membership in the Central Executive Committee, Russia's Parliament, which removed him from his position as Premier but three months ago and replaced him with Molotoff, Stalin's mouthpiece. Thus Rykoff takes a quarter-step back to his former power. The Congress also found places on the committee for Nickolai Bukharin and Michael Tomsy.

The import of the election cannot be understood without looking back to 1927, when Trotsky and two other Left-wing leaders in the Communist party were driven into exile by the big four, Stalin, Rykoff, Bukharin and Tomsy. Presumably all four were middle-of-the-road men. Yet Rykoff, Bukharin and Tomsy, pretending to see eye to eye with Stalin in opposing an intra-party trend toward the Right, were really instigating the trend and secretly plotting against Stalin in the party's Politbureau. Caught red-handed and left in the minority, the three were forced to a humiliating repentance. It was then that Bukharin and Tomsy were pitched from their high places, while Rykoff was deprived of his premiership, which was given back to him in the spring of 1930 only to be taken away again last December. The repentance of the three ideological heretics has never been trusted. The question, then, is why Stalin, whose nod seems to be law in Moscow, does not kick them out entirely.

The answer may lie in the once for-

midable, though now merely potential, following of the three—of Rykoff among the officers of the government's coöperative societies, of Tomskey in the Soviet trade unions and of Bukharin in the schools and colleges which, like all Russia, treasure his book, the *A. B. C. of Communism*. Stalin, while he has little reason to fear any trend to the Right, may not wish to antagonize these groups. Or he may be up to his old trick of pushing enemies to the front, provoking heresy among their careless followers and then weeding it out of the party. Whatever his specific objective, Stalin is probably following his normal policy of winning over those opponents he can win over, exiling those he cannot control and playing along with those he cannot win over but can control.

➤➤ *Disunited Europe*

THE difficulty of welding Europe into an economic fighting machine is demonstrated by the failure of the recent League of Nations conference on a European tariff truce. The failure cannot be attributed to haste. European leaders have labored long on this scheme since measuring the discomfort of their countries following the high rates of the Fordney-McCumber tariff written by our Congress in 1922. Even before Europe was struck a second time, by our Hawley-Smoot tariff of 1930, a conference had been held in 1928 and two years more of groundwork devoted to the plan of lowering intra-European tariffs as a means of presenting a common front to the United States.

The first definite move was started in last year's conferences—not to be confused with the meetings concerned with the European federation proposed by French Foreign Minister Briand. In March, 1930, a convention was fashioned whereby the signatory nations were to try in general to stabilize their intra-European tariffs during the process of negotiations to lower them. Even his innocuous agreement brought few ratifications, so few that the time limit was pushed back and back until finally set for April 1, 1931. Yet the opening of the conference at Geneva on March 17 found Great Britain the only major power among the twelve which had signed the convention. The German ratification was gained at the eleventh hour but with France, Austria and Czechoslovakia—especially France—among the holdouts the conference could neither decide on a date for putting the

convention into force nor agree that it would ever be put into force. With a half-hearted attempt to hide the failure, the conference adjourned *sine die*, having heard Chairman Colijn declare that he could not see "much chance of our again essaying such a task as the one we are laying down."

The failure does not indicate that Europe cannot strike back at American tariff rates, though it does indicate the probable failure awaiting M. Briand's proposed economic union. What European nations cannot do collectively they can do to some extent individually. Italy and France, for example, have both



International

RIGHTIST REFORMED

Alexei Rykoff, who has regained his standing in Russia

clamped higher duties on American automobiles since the signing of the Hawley-Smoot law. More of this may follow. In fact, the comfort which Americans are getting out of Europe's failure to effect united action may turn into discomfort should that failure spur the European countries to fight harder as national units.

➤➤ *Austro-German Union*

HARD ON THE HEELS of the tariff conference at Geneva came word from Berlin and Vienna that the Foreign Ministers of Germany and Austria had agreed in principle on a customs union which would tear down virtually all tariff walls between the two countries. It is the intention of Drs. Curtius and Schober to bind their nations together economically by means of a treaty to run three years and perhaps longer. The proposed agreement would remove the duties on all but about ten per cent of the Austro-German trade, subject some goods to duties merely for the protec-

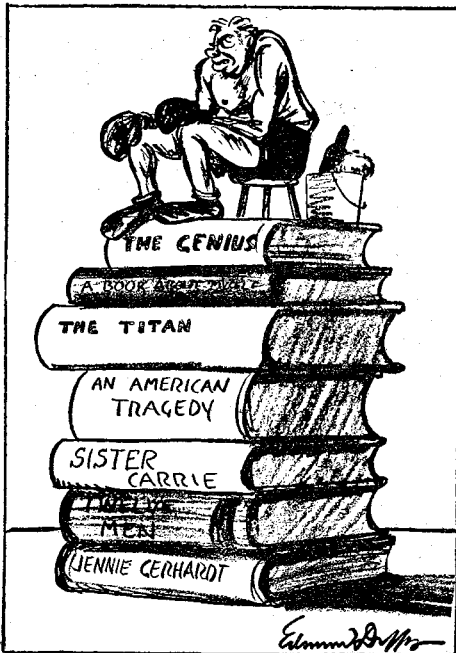
tion of weak industries during a five-year transitional period and generally synchronize the Austrian and German tariff policies toward other countries. Should success favor the negotiations, the customs union will rank as one of the really important developments of post-war Europe.

The accord points to the creation in Central Europe of an economic hegemony under German domination. This was Germany's goal before and during the World War. It was the goal her enemies sought to remove at the peace conferences by prohibiting the political fusion of Austria and Germany except on consent of the League of Nations' Council, which France could control with her vote. Though the proposed treaty cannot plausibly be construed as a violation of that provision (which was forced upon both Germany and Austria), a working customs union would actually frustrate the designs of Germany's former enemies.

Drs. Curtius and Schober, hoping to enlarge the union, have been asking other European nations to join in. Their invitations will not be accepted, save, perhaps, by Hungary and, just conceivably, by Rumania and Czechoslovakia, two allies of France. While these three countries lack the racial and cultural history which naturally links Austria with Germany, they yearn for the larger markets offered by the Austro-German plan. Except possibly in the case of Hungary, their yearning will probably be smothered by pressure from the French. Yet, with or without Hungary, the move toward the customs union opens a complicated prospect, heavy with European politics which overshadows the effect which the customs union might have upon American trade. Should the union become an actuality, the French-Italian scramble for influence in the Balkans will be gravely complicated—so gravely that the ultimate lineup, not to say the outcome, cannot be imagined.

➤➤ *In the Wet East*

THE WET VICTORIES in the November elections begin to bear fruit. In Rhode Island, which in a referendum on the Eighteenth Amendment voted wet by more than three to one, the Legislature has passed a bill denouncing the amendment and demanding action in Congress looking toward its revision or repeal. In Massachusetts, which voted to abandon its state enforcement act in another



Baltimore Sun

And—the winnah!!!

referendum, the Legislature has adopted a resolution urging Congress either to submit to the states an amendment repealing or modifying the Eighteenth Amendment or to call a constitutional convention to that end. In New York, which reelected the wet Governor Roosevelt largely because it distrusted the Republican party's attitude on prohibition, the Legislature has approved one measure asking Congress to call a constitutional convention as a step toward the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and another asking Congress to direct the states to call state conventions for the same purpose.

Considered as specific moves toward the liberalization of the prohibition laws, these measures amount to little. Considered as an indication of public opinion in the East, they are of the first importance. It is noteworthy that in all three states many Republicans joined with Democrats in passing the measures, having lost their fear of dry minority groups which have been dominating their party and acquired instead a healthy respect for the wet public sentiment in their states so plainly revealed on November 4. If national Republican candidates could walk into the wet camp as quickly and easily as Republican state legislators, all would be well for their party in the East. But they cannot. Hence the probability that the wet independents in Massachusetts, New York, Rhode Island and other eastern states will vote Democratic in the next presidential election while many

wet Republicans will no doubt bolt. It may be that, as some political leaders believe, the Republican party would have grave difficulty in winning with a wet presidential candidate in 1932. But the measures recently passed in Rhode Island, Massachusetts and New York suggest that it will have hardly less difficulty in winning with a dry one.

►► After-Dinner Slaps

BORIS PILNYAK, whom Ray Long of *Cosmopolitan* has invited under his wing as the most promising of young Russia's young writers, recently attended a dinner given in his honor by Mr. Long at a New York club. Among the guests were Sinclair Lewis, Theodore Dreiser, Rupert Hughes, Arthur Brisbane, Heywood Broun, Burton Rascoe and other authors of like celebrity. Mr. Pilnyak must have congratulated himself on his opportunity to observe America's makers of literature at first hand.

Then Sinclair Lewis, just back from Sweden with the Nobel prize in his pocket, was asked to make an after-dinner speech. "I am very happy to meet Mr. Pilnyak," he is quoted as saying. "But I do not care to speak in the presence of one man who has plagiarized three thousand words from my wife's book on Russia. Nor do I care to talk before two sage critics who objected to the Nobel committee's selection of me as America's representative writer." Whereupon Mr. Lewis sat down.

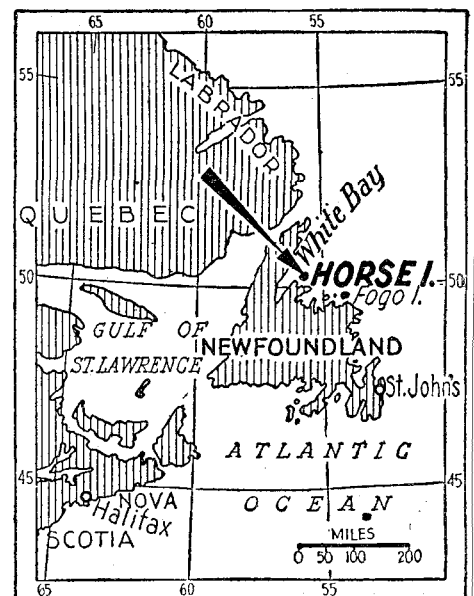
Mr. Pilnyak understands no English, and so the incident had to be explained to him. Probably some one advised him not to mind Mr. Lewis's ill-timed rebuke to his critics—presumably Mr. Brisbane and Mr. Broun—pointing out that it was just his way. Probably some one explained that Mr. Lewis's reference at this same dinner to a two-year-old quarrel over similarities between *Dreiser Looks at Russia* and *The New Russia*, by Dorothy Thompson, now Mrs. Lewis, was all in fun. And when, a little later, Mr. Dreiser and Mr. Lewis were forcibly separated after the former had given the latter two resounding slaps in the face, some one probably explained that to Mr. Pilnyak, too. Some one probably explained that Mr. Dreiser is a great one to exercise.

Nevertheless, Mr. Pilnyak is a new writer from a new country and, despite all the explanations, may still be a little confused. It would be interesting to see his letters home.

►► The Viking Tragedy

MANY PEOPLE in the temperate zones have for the frozen north a fear often amounting to terror. From time to time their feeling is aggravated by such tragedies as the disappearance of the Andrée expedition of 1896, the death of Roald Amundsen and the explosion of March 15 which brought death to a score of men aboard the Viking in the ice-caked White Bay off northern Newfoundland. Yet in many respects the frozen waters of the north are less dangerous than the open waters of the temperate zones. This was pointed out last fall by Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the Arctic explorer, following the discovery of the remains of the Andrée expedition. Stefansson's argument has taken on, rather than lost, weight through the Viking tragedy.

The Viking, a 600-ton wooden sealing vessel built in 1881, set out on March 9 from St. Johns for the annual spring catch of seals. Along with the crew of 150 were Varick Frissell and a few companions seeking additional shots for a sealing talkie which they had filmed on the Viking's trip of 1930. The last message from the ship's wireless was picked up on the evening of March 15 by the radio operator at Horse Island, eight miles from the spot where the Viking lay fast in the ice. The explosion came a few hours later, a terrific blast hurling some of the men from the ship, which caught fire and sank. There was a pathetic aftermath—the disappearance of Frissell, the cries of injured men upon the ice, the exhausting and perilous struggle



Courtesy New York Times

SCENE OF EXPLOSION
Where the ill-starred Viking sank beneath the ice

across the cakes to Horse Island, the difficulties involved in searching for survivors and in getting food and medical attention to the rescued.

Blocking the way at every hand was the ice, a barrier to ships of the water and the air alike. The ice was the terrible feature—and yet, one's thought runs back to Stefansson's statement and to Andrée, who lived so long on the ice after the descent of his balloon. Would there have been many to rescue if the Viking men had been hurled out into open water? What would have happened then to the men with broken arms or legs? These questions do not minimize the Viking tragedy but they do suggest that in the supposedly less fearful open water further south the casualty list might have been even longer.

➤➤Wide-Open Nevada

You may now get a divorce in Reno after a six-weeks' residence; you may obtain it privately, without disclosing details of the grounds for the action, and, while you wait, you may gamble to your heart's content. Legalized gambling is one feature of Nevada's three-fold gesture to retain for Reno the title of the "nation's divorce capital," which Idaho and Arkansas recently threatened to steal away by reducing their residence requirements to three months.

There was no pell-mell rush of entrepreneurs to open gaming rooms and install equipment when Nevada was declared wide open. The equipment was already in good running order and the rooms were already there. Nevada is like most states in that, though it has had a law against gambling for years—since 1910—it has also had a good deal of gambling. Like most states again, it has not confined its gambling to gambling in stocks, as the laws allow. "Now we can do lawfully what Nevada has always done under cover," declares Mayor Roberts of Reno. Moreover, the state itself, and not merely its corruptible law-enforcers, may now cut in on the profits.

It is the general belief that gambling establishments run outside the law sooner or later are run dishonestly. Nevada, however, insists that all games within its borders must be run "on the square" and it will be interesting to see whether it can put and keep them there. If it can, and if it can conduct its gaming establishments decently, without any considerable impairment of public morals, the fact will be duly and thoughtfully noted in other states, by no

means blind to the fact that gambling licenses produce sizeable additions to government revenues.

➤➤Change in Wheat Policy

WHEN, EARLY IN MARCH, James C. Stone succeeded Alexander Legge as chairman of the Federal Farm Board, we observed that the change of chairman offered the board an opportunity to abandon its costly and futile policy of buying wheat in an effort to raise and peg prices. Though doubting that the opportunity would be seized, we said that it should be and added that the board should confine itself to encouraging farmers to help themselves by limiting production and by combining into coöperatives to insure orderly and more profitable marketing. Hence it was a pleasant surprise to read the Farm Board's announcement of March 22 that it "will not cause the Grain Stabilization Corporation to make stabilization purchases from the 1931 crop."

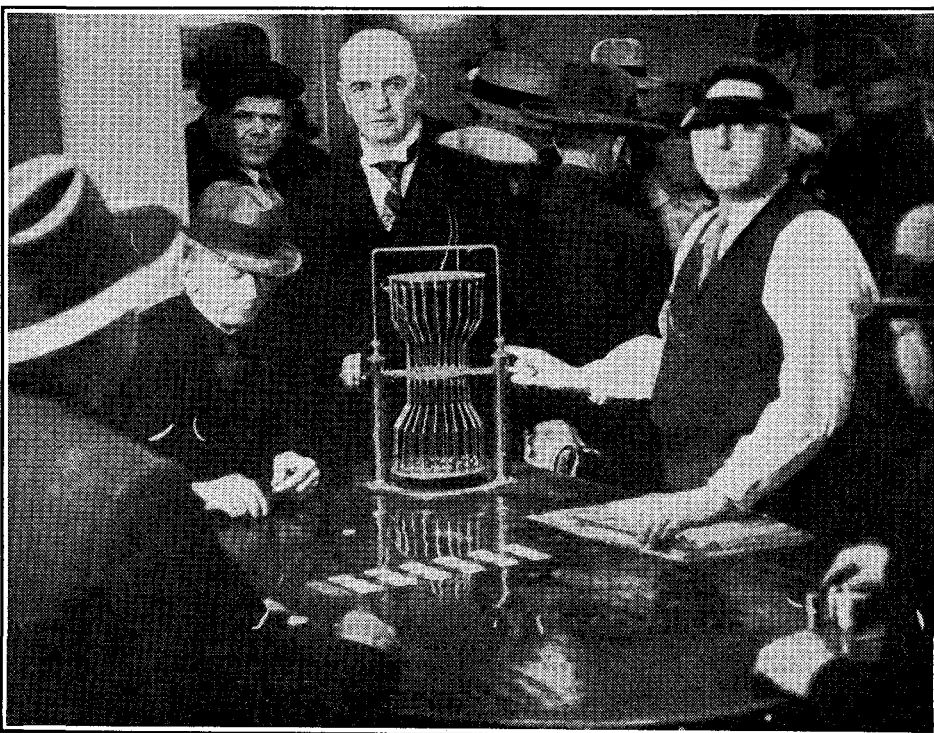
This is a step back toward sanity. Unfortunately it is but a half-step, for the board made clear that its Grain Stabilization Corporation will continue to buy from the 1930 crop, a course which by July 1 may double the board's present wheat holdings of more than a hundred million bushels. Unfortunately, again, it is a step which may be reversed—right back to the policy of buying wheat. The

board recognizes that "it cannot follow a regular policy [which it has followed hitherto] of buying at prices above the market, paying heavy storage charges and selling below cost." This policy, it says, "was adopted to meet a most acute emergency." But there is nothing in its statement to indicate that the board will not re-adopt the wheat-buying policy whenever it sees or fancies that it sees another "acute emergency" on the agricultural or political horizon.

There is, therefore, very little in the statement to induce farmers to limit production. The board notes that spring planting of wheat is at hand and that farmers should "heed the warning to reduce acreage." But the warning will remain an empty one so long as farmers suspect that if they do not reduce acreage the board will probably buy into the surplus again. Possibly the farmers will refuse to limit production under any circumstances, but if anything can persuade them to the contrary it would be a flat statement from the board that, come what may, it will never buy another bushel of wheat.

➤➤Number of Unemployed

FOLLOWING a special enumeration, the Census Bureau has reported that in late January of this year there were 1,930,000 unemployed persons in nineteen cities—an increase of 149 per cent over



Keystone

AT THE CHUCK-A-LUCK TABLE

Mayor Roberts of Reno supervises Nevada's return to legalized gambling

the 775,000 unemployed whom the Census Bureau counted in these cities for April, 1930. Applying the percentage of increase in the cities to the total of 2,400,000 jobless which the Census Bureau reported in the United States for last April, Secretary of Commerce Lamont has deduced that the nation would have a total of 6,050,000 unemployed persons, excluding 300,000 who were laid off just as the enumerators were making their rounds and 1,000,000 more working on part time.

The 6,050,000 estimate probably comes nearer the actual number of unemployed in the United States than any other which has been sanctioned by the Administration, consistently bent on playing down the extent of the depression. It comes nearer because it is higher. Even now Secretary Lamont accepts the 6,050,000 figure reluctantly. His statement of March 20 questions the validity of the estimate and implies that it exaggerates. Mr. Lamont is still determinedly optimistic, as he was in September when he saw reason to believe that the decline had come to an end, as he was in December when he said that the nation had "already weathered the worst of the storm."

One wonders whether the total he finds too high is not in reality too low. The Census Bureau's figures for last April indicated that 3.8 per cent of the population of these 19 cities and two per cent of the population of the nation—a difference of 1.8 per cent—were unemployed. The figures for January show that 9.4 per cent of the population of the 19 cities are unemployed. Hence, if the 1.8 difference still applies, the jobless of January would number slightly more

than 9,000,000 in the nation as a whole. Again, the Census Bureau's figures for last April showed that the percentage of unemployed in two of the 19 cities (Houston and Birmingham) practically coincided with the percentage of unemployed in the nation. If they still coincide, the Census Bureau's figures for January would indicate a total of 10,000,000 unemployed.

But such juggling of figures gets us nowhere. The important—and appalling—things are, first, that there are millions of Americans out of work, and, secondly, that even now, after eighteen months of depression, no one knows how many millions.

►► Kassay Case

A SERIES of contradictions has followed the arrest in Akron, Ohio, of a mechanic charged with plotting the ruin of the dirigible Akron which he was helping to build for the United States Navy. The mechanic is Paul F. Kassay, a thirty-seven-year-old Hungarian who has been in the United States since 1921 and at work in the Goodyear-Zeppelin Corporation's airship dock since last June.

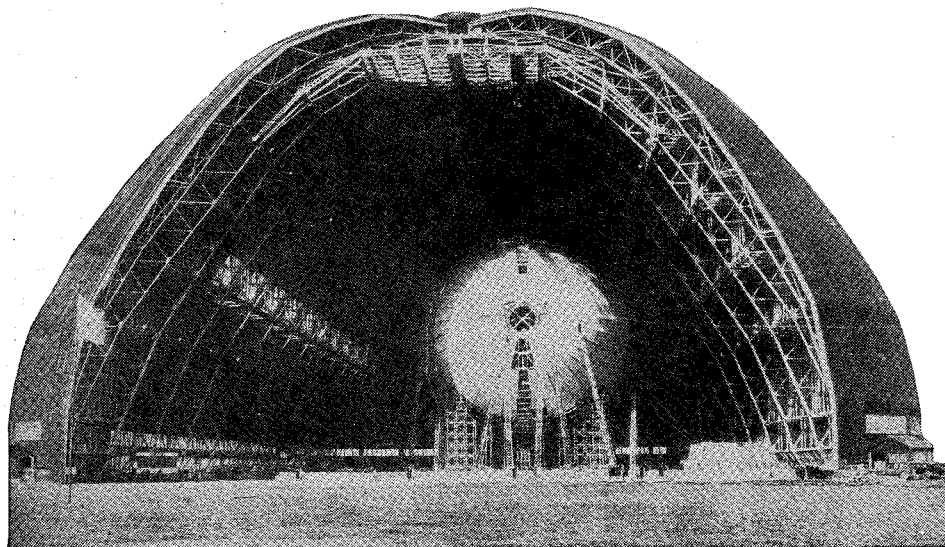
On March 19, the day of the arrest, the Assistant United States Attorney at Akron announced that Kassay had confessed to plotting sabotage and to sabotage itself—specifically to leaving out rivets in the Akron in order to weaken the structure. Kassay, so ran the report of the confession, was a Communist who "had his own reasons for not wanting the ship to take the air." Instead of discreetly keeping his plans to himself, we were informed, he had told all to Department of Justice agents sup-

posed to have worked at his side for months. Yet on March 20 the Associated Press reported that Kassay's membership in the Communist party was disclaimed by party officials at Cleveland, while on March 21, Kassay, cornered in his cell at Akron by the United Press, denied being a saboteur or a Communist either.

What with one thing and another, the case smells fishy. Kassay, however, was convicted, as far as the general public was concerned, as soon as the Communist label was pinned upon him. Communism, bombings, assassinations and assorted violence are all one in the mind of the public, which has been thoroughly grounded in the subject by such pedagogues as Hamilton Fish. Representative Fish discovered in the Kassay case "a warning to all aircraft companies in the United States to take immediate steps to protect themselves against Communist activities and sabotage." Yet, as a matter of fact, Communism does not endorse violence save in what Lenin called an *imminently revolutionary situation*—i. e., a situation giving reasonable assurance of a successful revolution. The Communist "will have no terrorism," Maurice Hindus points out in *Humanity Uprooted*, his dispassionate book on Russia. "He is death on militant anarchism. Likewise, he is opposed to a so-called *putsch*, a mere helter-skelter assault on capitalist fortifications." But what's the good of saying so when the public, taught by its Hamilton Fishes, is convinced that the average Communist carries an infernal machine in every pocket?

►► Anti-Evolution Laws

TWENTY-EIGHT-YEAR-OLD Robert Murray, member of the Tennessee Assembly, climbs into national headlines with his bill to repeal that state's notorious anti-evolution law. This is the statute which, enacted in 1925, makes it illegal to teach, in any school or university wholly or partly supported by state funds, "any theory that denies the story of the divine creation of man as taught in the Bible, and to teach instead that man has descended from a lower order of animals." It is to be hoped that Mr. Murray's bill will be adopted. But it is hardly to be expected. Contrary to general opinion, the present trend is not toward the repeal of anti-evolution laws but toward the enactment of new ones. Just before his death in 1925, William Jennings Bryan, fresh from the Scopes trial at



Keystone

THE AKRON AT HOME

The giant dirigible under construction for the United States Navy

Dayton, laid plans for an anti-evolution drive on a nation-wide scale. With Bryan at its head, there might have been more unity in the anti-evolutionists' campaign and more ballyhoo connected with it, but it could hardly have been more effective then it was.

It may surprise you to know that, since 1925, anti-evolution laws have been written into the statute books of three states—Tennessee, Mississippi and Arkansas; that in Arkansas, on an initiative measure, the law secured decisive public support; that the legislatures of two states have adopted anti-evolution resolutions and that fundamentalists have successfully brought pressure to bear on innumerable authors, publishers, textbook commissions and school boards. "The teaching of evolutionary principles, so far at least as man and his institutions are concerned, has been quietly abolished throughout the greater part of the United States," declared President Shipley of the Science League of America in *Current History* some months ago. "Nothing can be taught in seventy per cent of the secular schools of this Republic today not sanctioned by the hosts of Fundamentalism."

Some day, of course, evolution will be taught in all schools worthy of the name. But the point to be made here is that, with the Fundamentalists staging their last desperate stand, that day begins to look far off. To recognize what the anti-evolutionists are doing is to take the first of the necessary steps to stop them.

➤➤Secretary Joslin

MR. HOOVER has given George Akerson's desk in the famed presidential secretariat to Theodore G. Joslin, whose job it has been to post the Boston Evening Transcript on the dignified doings at Washington. The President could not have found a more striking contrast to the bouncing, backslapping George—the Gorgeous George who sold himself to Hollywood and seems to like it. Mr. Joslin—it is not every one who calls him Ted—is a short, dumpy newspaperman, prim and grim at home and in office, a New Englander from pen to pocketbook. He knows nothing of the playboy instincts or stiff-shirted front of an Akerson, but lives in a world where life is real and earnest and there is neither time for humor nor sense in pitching pennies. For example, George kept a chauffeur even when he owned nothing more than a Chevrolet, while Mr. Joslin stored his own coal rather

Remarkable Remarks

Recently *The Outlook* announced that it would offer prizes for the best Remarkable Remarks sent in by *Outlook* readers—\$5 for the one judged best, \$2 each for the next seven chosen, and \$1 each for as many as were judged worthy of honorable mention. The best Remarkable Remarks in this regular weekly competition appear below, with the names of the *Outlook* readers who contributed them. In case two or more readers contribute the same Remarkable Remarks the prize will be awarded to the reader whose contribution is first received. All contributions should be sent to the Remarkable Remarks Editor and must be accompanied by clipped evidence of the source and author.

It is a happy thing for the world there are some people who can make millions and buy for the rest of humanity the things it needs most.—JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR.

Income is the alpha and omega of economics.—PROF. IRVING FISHER.

A heavy charge of insincerity rests upon the public men of the United States.—SENATOR WILLIAM E. BORAH.

It must be difficult to plan a national campaign without knowing when prosperity is coming back.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

Nearly every American in 1931 has nervous prostration, has had it, or is about to have it.—PROF. WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

It is a great misfortune to be born a woman, but I don't see what we are going to do about it.—DOROTHY DIX.

Married people do not pet enough . . . petting is a stone-wall defense against the divorce court.—DR. DAVID D. VAUGHN.

Love, like a balloon, is kept up mostly by hot air.—HELEN ROWLAND.

What we need is more first class funerals among these enemies of prohibition.—REV. E. O. WARE.

I find what little material wealth I have is an annoyance.—THEODORE DREISER.

I'd rather stay single forever than suffer the indignity of letting any man pay my bills.—TALLULAH BANKHEAD.

The American intellect is, today, the least intelligent type of the present age.—COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING.

than pay the wartime charge of \$1 a ton to have some one shovel it into the cellar. In fact the latter is the counterpart of Hoover himself, save that he came into the Republican fold more naturally.

Much as he differs from Akerson, Mr. Joslin will not effect any great change in Mr. Hoover's relation to politics or the public. The new secretary has never been especially noted for his political intuition, though his interpretative writing has brought him membership in what the Washington correspondents call the "Brain Trust." Nor

John Ptasznick, 453 So. 18th St., Newark, N. J., winner of first prize, \$5.

E. G. Black, 4560 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal, Canada, \$2 prize.

Mrs. Elizabeth F. Ridgely, Route 1, Milberry, Kansas, \$2 prize.

Mrs. Eleanor Staley, Montpelier, Idaho, \$2 prize.

Mrs. George Sturman, Pocatello House, Pocatello, Idaho, \$2 prize.

J. B. Deariso, 2122 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., \$2 prize.

O. E. Gilleland, Munhall, Pa., \$2 prize.

Mrs. B. S. Gruber, 416 Monroe Ave., Scranton, Pa., \$2 prize.

H. A. Entekin, 727 1st Nat'l Bank Bldg., Birmingham, Alabama, \$1 prize.

Mrs. Philip K. Rhineland, 15 East 36th St., New York, \$1 prize.

Lilian Bennet-Thompson, "The Burrow," Wisner, New York, \$1 prize.

Summerfield McCarteney, 1632 30th St., N. W., Washington, D. C., \$1 prize.

is he the hard-boiled politician so much wanted by Mr. Hoover's realistic supporters. As a matter of fact, Mr. Joslin was not first choice for the job of preventing presidential blunders. Both Bascom Slemp and Edward T. Clark were summoned but neither cared to be chosen. Hence, we will have Mr. Joslin, who can turn out solemn propaganda befitting the present mood.

➤➤Lineup in Congress

AFTER THE BALLOTS were counted in the congressional elections last fall

every corner-store politician in the land began wondering whether the Republicans or Democrats would be able to muster the nominal majority necessary to organize the Seventy-Second Congress, which convenes this December. The returns showed a Senate of 48 Republicans, 47 Democrats and 1 Farmer-Laborite, and a House of 218 Republicans, 216 Democrats and 1 Farmer-Laborite. Yet it was obvious that the Republican party might lose its slim majorities through election contests and recounts. Even barring such changes in the election results, the power to organize the next Congress (as we pointed out in November) could be shuttled back and forth between the two parties by resignations and deaths among the 96 Senators and 435 Representatives, almost all of mature, many of advanced, age.

The death on March 1 of Henry Allen Cooper, Republican Representative from Wisconsin, is a case in point, unlike the deaths since November of Senators Greene of Vermont and Overman of North Carolina, each of whom was succeeded by a member of his own

party, and unlike the death on March 16 of Representative Aswell of Louisiana, who will undoubtedly be succeeded by another Democrat. Representative Cooper's district now faces a heated election, which may be held in April. Should his successor be a Democrat, the balance of power in the House would be thrown into the hands of the Farmer-Laborite, Kvale. This would add uncertainty enough, but it should also be remembered that the political appletart may likewise be overturned by other deaths and set up again by still others. In fact, there is no way of determining the lineup of the next session of Congress until the last vote for Speaker is cast.

The important thing is that neither the Republican nor the Democratic party can possibly secure a working majority in Congress. Whatever may happen in the Senate, a House of 435 members cannot be manoeuvred effectively on a majority of one or two votes. This, as we said last November, is the one major result of the elections—Congress in a stalemate during the year of a presidential campaign.

ceptives. Three others voice no opinion. Twenty-two, an overwhelming majority, declare flatly that "the careful and restrained use of contraceptives by married people is valid and moral." Evils may thrive on a general knowledge of contraceptives, they say; but in any case such knowledge is already widely disseminated and will soon be universal. Society faces a new problem of control with each fresh advance of knowledge, they point out, and it is the task of religion and of education in school and home to prepare mankind to solve it.

They believe in the use of contraceptives by married people because they believe that "it is important to provide for the proper spacing of children, the control of the size of the family and the protection of mothers and children; and because intercourse between the mates, when an expression of their spiritual union and affection, is right in itself." They add their opinion that "abstinence within marriage, except for the few, cannot be relied upon to meet these problems and under ordinary conditions is not desirable in itself." It is a thoroughly sound position.

Though a few members find abstinence the only proper form of birth control, it is noteworthy that the committee is unanimous in certain statements which would once have been regarded askance. It agrees that "sex union between husbands and wives as an expression of mutual affection, without relation to procreation, is right." It agrees that, "even with a healthy mother and a sound inheritance of bodily and mental vigor on both sides, too frequent and too numerous pregnancies are to be avoided, as undermining the mother's health and as taking her from the care of her living children." It agrees that "very large families tend to produce poverty, to endanger the health and stability of the family, to limit the educational opportunities of the children, to overstrain the mother and to take from her her own chance for a life larger than the routine of her home."

Finally, it agrees that "the church should not seek to impose its point of view as to the use of contraceptives upon the public by legislation or any other form of coercion; and especially should not seek to prohibit physicians from imparting such information to those who in the judgment of the medical profession are entitled to receive it." This statement is of the first importance, since it holds out hope for the repeal of federal and state laws against

Federal Council on Birth Control

An Editorial

IT WOULD be difficult to exaggerate the importance of the approval of birth control in the statement issued by the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America through its committee on marriage and the home. Mrs. Margaret Sanger might well say, as she said on March 20, when the committee's report was made public: "Today is the most significant one in the history of the birth control movement." She might well declare that the report is "a document of a new age."

What that document does is to bring the attitude of America's Protestant churches, so far as it can be expressed by the Federal Council, into line with the opinions and practices of their most intelligent members, into line with the best liberal and scientific thought of the day. This is an immense and exhilarating advance.

Ever since the discovery of birth control—"one of the major events in the world's history," as Professor Julian Huxley has called it—knowledge of contraceptive methods, as well as their use,

has been spreading rapidly. The frown of the church has proved impotent to stop the process, the frown of the law more impotent still. One influential church, the Roman Catholic, still opposes the use of contraceptives under any circumstances whatever. The others are steadily abandoning this position. Thus the bishops of the Anglican Church, at the Lambeth conference last August, agreed that "other methods"—i. e., contraceptive methods—might be used whenever there is a clearly felt moral obligation to limit or avoid parenthood and a morally sound reason for avoiding complete abstinence. Since the mountain of secular opinion will not come toward Mahomet, the church, Mahomet is going toward the mountain. The Federal Council, composed of twenty-seven Protestant denominations with 22,000,000 members, has gone further toward the mountain than any other church body.

Of the twenty-eight members of the Council's committee on marriage and the home, only three advocate complete abstinence and oppose the use of contra-

the dissemination of information on birth control from reputable and responsible sources. If most of the 22,000,000 members of the denominations in the Federal Council endorse its committee's unanimous opinion, as most of the intelligent

members unquestionably do, the fight for the repeal of such statutes will soon be successful. We look forward eagerly to the opening of that fight, and intend to further the attack in every way possible.

THE EDITORS.

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE UNDERSTAND that the publicity bureau which the Republican National Committee has established here has drawn severe criticism from prominent G. O. P. leaders throughout the country. Their chief complaint, we hear, is that it has been unable to meet the Democratic barrage laid down by Charley Michelson, whom Johnnie Raskob pays \$22,500 a year to make life uncomfortable for President Hoover. The two Republican propagandists—Robert H. Lucas and James L. West, erstwhile correspondent at the White House for the Associated Press—have shown themselves quite incapable of defending Mr. Hoover or denouncing the Democrats, in the opinion of political observers. Where they have not antagonized decent folk, as did Mr. Lucas with his Ku Klux campaign against Senator George W. Norris, they have utterly failed to win good will for their party.

The state of the popular mind measures their achievements quite clearly. The man on the street now levels against the Republicans the same sort of ready-made charges once so successfully used against the Democrats. The resentment against the party in power, we find, shows itself in pullmans, clubrooms, hotel lobbies and on street corners as well as in the polling booths. This, we imagine, is due to effective Democratic propaganda as much as to the lack of prosperity.

When the casual newspaper reader is asked for his opinion of the Administration's policies on tariff, business, unemployment, agriculture and foreign affairs, he will reply, nine times out of ten, with the partisan platitudes passed out by Mr. Michelson and his barnstorming boss, Jouett Shouse. In view of the superiority of G. O. P. over Democratic shibboleths for so many years, this is a surprising state of affairs. The Raskob-Shouse-Michelson propaganda venture has been a decided success.

In energy as well as in ability the Shouse-Michelson pair bests the Lucas-West outfit. We know that almost no statements or news come to the 400 Washington correspondents from the Republican G. H. Q., whereas hardly a night passes without a "release" from the Democrats. The latter usually assumes the form of a pronouncement by a prominent partisan, and, though the press boys sometimes suspect that the

despite his long service as a correspondent here.

We do not hold him wholly responsible, however. Mr. Shouse, we understand, has the daring of the born and bold gambler, together with a conservative streak, as his recent request for a treasury refund on sums lost at the race-track indicates. He will, we are told, give his O. K. to the most extreme statements submitted to him by Mr. Michelson; the two have a fanciful flair. Mr. West, on the other hand, is a slow and serious spirit, and lacks imagination. Moreover, he is handicapped by Mr. Hoover's indecisiveness and lack of the fighting qualities both Mr. Raskob and Mr. Shouse exhibit. Were the G. O. P. propagandist given as full rein as Mr. Michelson is by his superiors, the two news slingers might meet on more equal terms.

As it stands, the \$100,000 a year it costs to maintain the Democratic publicity office is quite the wisest investment that party has made in years.

Hard put to match Mr. Michelson, Mr. West, we note, is resorting to the same sort of tactics utilized against Al Smith in 1928. All may be fair in love and war and politics, but we think it odd that Mr. Hoover, if he is aware of what is going on, should countenance the sly stuff emanating from the Lucas-West typewriters. We hope that it does not indicate the kind of campaign the President will conduct in 1932.

In the so-called "Weekly News Letter" Mr. West is distributing deceptive and dishonest material. His stories, editorials and political articles, apparently, are designed to revive the religious and prohibition and personal bitternesses of three years ago. Quite significantly, these weekly letters are sent only to rural newspapers and editorial offices, and not to metropolitan correspondents. In fact, we hear that a certain New York

newspaper man who revealed in his journal the kind of material poisoning Bible Belt mentalities, was immediately dropped from the Lucas-West mailing list. The two conspirators, it seems, do not care to let their propaganda be scanned by discerning and impartial writers.

In a recent issue Mr. West declared that through the treasury's embargo on Russian lumber "the Administration had further safeguarded the sanctity of the



Clubb in Rochester Times-Union

Moving in, bag and baggage

author may not have seen the words credited to him, nevertheless it makes good news on a dull day and gets plenty of newspaper space. Mr. Michelson, it is obvious, relies on his reportorial experience in framing and timing his propaganda. He knows what constitutes newsy stuff of general interest, and he knows the best nights for crashing the newspaper columns. These basic requirements, if his performance is any indication, seem quite unknown to Mr. West,

American home." This apparent appeal to religious prejudice, we happen to know, shocked many decent Republicans. In a subsequent letter Mr. West said that chairs were thrown, and personal injury thereby threatened, at the recent Raskobian conference of the Democratic National Committee. There was, we happen to know, not the slightest basis for such an assertion. In other anti-Democratic diatribes Mr. West has sent out stuff so silly that, if we were Mr. Raskob, we would be glad to finance

the whole Republican publicity campaign.

The Lucas-West venture, we submit, simply furnishes further proof that Mr. Hoover's best friends are his worst enemies—a lesson he should have learned by now. Oddly enough, it was Mr. Lucas who once charged, and Mr. West who wrote, that Mr. Raskob's propagandists were engaged in "smearing" the President. Well—they ought to know.

A. F. C.

The Week in Business

►► Bonus Tacks

SORRY to trouble you, Mr. Grace, but please move over and make room at the head of the bonus class for the new boy, George W. Hill. Your bonus of \$1,623,753 in 1929 and \$1,015,591 in 1930 (in addition to \$12,000 annual salary) looked pretty good, but you will have to admit that George, with his \$2,200,000 in salary, profits and stock, has set up a new mark for you to shoot at.

That sharp tack, Eugene, was placed on your seat by some Bethlehem stockholders who regard your bonus system as "most unseemly and improper," and who charge that bonus payments aggregating more than \$31,000,000 were "studiously concealed." As you probably have heard, they are suing to recover any part of the bonus payments which the courts shall determine to be excessive.

And, Mr. Hill, your tack, we imagine, was placed in position by Richard Reid Rogers, who obtained a ruling from Supreme Court Justice Townley, inspected your American Tobacco Company books, and is now out gunning for proxies with which to fight your "ex-orbitant" bonus plan.

Business is peering in through the windows, keenly interested in your efforts to get rid of the troublesome tacks. You, Mr. Grace, may count on help from Uncle Charlie Schwab, but Mr. Hill will probably have to fight his own battles. Uncle Jimmie Duke, strong believer in "extra compensation for the management, contingent upon earnings," has passed on to the place where all good tobacco manufacturers go when they die.

►► Service for the Insured

LIFE insurance written during 1930, in the trough of the depression, amounted to eighteen and one-half billions, only four per cent under the total for 1929. This was a phenomenal accomplishment,

and one of the chief reasons for it was the increased usefulness of agents and salesmen to the buyers and beneficiaries of life-insurance coverage.

The average buyer of life insurance

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) March 19—76.0. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) March 19—66.8.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended March 7—723,534 cars (increase of 41,534 over preceding week; reduction of 150,132 under same week of 1930).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended March 14—56.5% (increase of 2.5% over preceding week; reduction of 17.5% under same week of 1930).

Crude Oil Production Week ended March 14—daily average gross 2,190,550 barrels (increase of 33,850 over preceding week; reduction of 392,650 under same week of 1930).

Grain Exports Week ended March 14—424,000 bushels (reduction of 75,000 under preceding week and of 251,000 under same week of 1930).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended March 19—\$9,275,396,000 (increase of 9.4% over preceding week; reduction of 23.9% under same week of 1930).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended March 19—549 (reduction of 16 under preceding week and of 9 under same week of 1930).

has only a hazy idea of what he needs, or even of what he wants. He is no more qualified to decide this by himself than

he is to diagnose his own physical condition and prescribe a course of medication. He needs expert advice, and this was available for him during 1930 to an extent never equaled before.

Most of the leading life underwriting companies encouraged their agents and salesmen to stress the "analysis service" idea. Under this plan the insured or prospect is given a clear picture of his own condition (resources, responsibilities to dependents, expectation of life, etc.) and a suggested program of insurance best adapted to meet the individual's special needs.

These needs change from time to time. Insurance itself changes. New forms are provided, but they do the insured no good if he does not know about them. The efficient agent or salesman keeps his client informed and advised, as well as sold on the desirability of adequate insurance coverage.

►► Aircraft in 1931

FOURTEEN American companies manufacturing airplanes made a combined profit of \$6,462,037 in 1929. The same companies piled up, during 1930, an aggregate deficit of \$12,871,432.

This sizable splash of red ink is not hard to explain. The year 1929 followed two years of fair profits. Everything was moving favorably, and millions were put into airport developments. Production was speeded up on the theory that a big demand for planes was waiting just around the corner. Then came the crash late in 1929 and the manufacturers went into 1930 with cash reserves dissipated and about 1,000 unsold planes on their hands.

During 1930 the industry learned, at tremendous expense, some lessons which will undoubtedly help it to make a comeback during 1931. First of all, it learned that it must not produce on a mere *hope* of demand. It will operate for some time to come, in all probability, under the on-order-only plan. It learned also that commercial air transport is not as profitable an outlet for factory production as it was originally believed to be.

►► Persons on Forecasting

IN *Forecasting Business Cycles* (Wiley \$4.50) Dr. Warren M. Persons, formerly professor of economics in Harvard University and now economist for Goldman Sachs Trading Corporation, makes the specific conclusion (dated November, 1930) that "a business upturn is inevitable, sooner or later, and probably will be in progress by February or March, 1931, but that 'normal' business is not to be expected before the end of



Keystone

CHARLES M. SCHWAB

Sponsor of the bonus plan for high executives

1931 and possibly not before the first quarter of 1932."

Dr. Persons believes that the solution of the problem of forecasting business cycles, if there be a solution, is to be sought in applying the fundamentals of economic theory and logic to adequate

statistical and historical records. This is a world of wars, droughts, floods, earthquakes and monetary changes. In such a world there can be neither a "sure-fire" system nor a reliable "trick" method of forecasting business cycles.

FRANK A. FALL.

What Business Booms Need

FROM the repeated booms and crashes of past years one might easily infer that people learn little from such experiences, but they do learn, as the behavior of the stock market attests after every major reaction. The trouble is that they have short memories, and that a younger generation enters the field without the knowledge which its elders obtained at such heavy cost. A large part of the so-called outside public which was actively interested in the stock market at the height of the boom of 1929 was not in the market during the previous boom of 1919-20 and so had no experience to guide it.

It is customary, after a boom of this sort has run its course, for financial writers to conduct post-mortems in an effort to determine what the boom died of. With these usually comes a word of deprecation that such things can happen in these enlightened times and a suggestion that something ought to be done to put an end to slumps and depressions. As to that, Alexander Dana Noyes, financial editor of the *New York Times*, recently made the very pertinent remark in an address before the Economic Club of New York City that it is quite futile to discuss ending panics unless we consider ways and means for ending the extravagant booms which are responsible for all the trouble.

There's the rub. At present few people want a boom, but they do desire a substantial improvement in all the markets. The difficulty about booms is that they are almost imperceptible in their beginnings. No one can say definitely when the limit of normal expansion has been overstepped and an unhealthy condition has begun to develop. When general business approaches the border-line every one is eager for a continuation of prosperity and for still bigger and better business. It is at this time that caution is needed, but it is hard to make anybody believe it, and in due course business passes from a state of health to a state of boom.

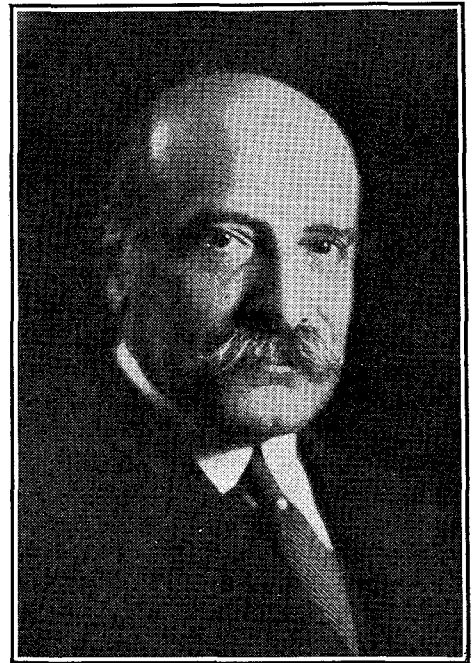
It is in the early stages of inflationary extravagance that warnings from an authoritative source would do the most good, if heeded. We do not know whether they would be heeded or not, because at this period the red danger

signal is rarely flashed. In the first place, as already noted, it is hard to draw the line between healthy expansion and mild inflation; and in the second place no business leader relishes the rôle of joy-killer or cares to make dismal forecasts when to most people the outlook appears so rosy.

The only time the big banker or industrialist cares to appear in print is when he has something cheerful to say, and one can hardly blame him for this attitude. A careful search of newspaper files shows that the captains of industry who grant interviews are generally optimistic. There are times when their optimism is a bit restrained, but they appear to be firm in their belief that God loves a cheerful giver of utterances. At any rate, the American public does love such a one, and few there be who care to brave its wrath by playing the rôle of Cassandra when the stock market is boiling and the wheels of industry are humming.

This is just as true in the later stages of a boom, when the evidences of abnormality are unmistakable, as it is in the early stages. In 1929 there were few financiers who were not convinced that things were in a bad way and that a reaction was due. But did they give warning signals of the financial storm they knew to be brewing? They did not. In a recent issue of the *Outlook* Paul M. White cited instances of predictions of buoyant markets on the very eve of the Wall Street panic. Some of this untimely optimism may have been due to contagion from the bullishness which was then running wild in the happy multitude. In some cases there may have been a desire to postpone the day of reckoning in the hope that something would finally bring the people to their senses in such a way as to make possible an easy readjustment and avoid a panic.

If a financial leader had predicted a crash when one was likely to start at any moment, the thing might have started the very day his words appeared in print. He even faced the danger of having such a panic named for himself by an enraged speculating public. This helps to explain a situation recently described by Walter Gifford, the head of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company,



Keystone

PAUL M. WARBURG

Who warned of the impending crash seven months before it happened

when he stated that important business men during 1929 frequently discussed among themselves the probability of a big break in the stock market but carefully refrained from airing their views in public.

But there was one prominent banker in New York who did not hesitate to speak out boldly. This was Paul M. Warburg, Chairman of the Board of the International Acceptance Bank. In March, 1929, he pointed out the dangers threatened by inflated credit and excessive speculation, criticized the Federal Reserve Board for not exercising more vigorous control over the money market, and cited the anomalous fact that the flow of funds between the United States and the rest of the world had come to be controlled wholly by the rate for call loans on the New York Stock Exchange.

The soundness of Mr. Warburg's views was amply demonstrated by the bursting of the speculative bubble some seven months later. But even his admonitions came too late. No human agency could have curbed the speculative mania which was then sweeping the country. What the public needed was not a single voice crying in the wilderness in 1929, but a full chorus of authoritative opinion in 1928. It got something like this once in our history. That was in 1923, when signs of inflation began to multiply. The memories of 1921 were then still fresh, and warning was promptly given and promptly heeded. Whether this could have been repeated with equally good results in 1928 is anybody's guess, but it would at least have been worth a trial.

WILLIAM O. SCROGGS.

➤➤ Pikeville Follows the Social Leader ◀◀

PIKEVILLE is a middle-sized city in a middle-sized state. It is situated somewhere between the Appalachians and the Rockies. It has the usual clubs, commercial, Rotary, Kiwanis and country, and the usual eras of prosperity followed by the usual cycles of depression. There is one millionaire in Pikeville, and a few other men who have upwards of five hundred thousand dollars. The majority of the people "one knows" have incomes ranging from five thousand to ten thousand a year. These are the people who struggle continually to keep up a position in society, whose women make a profession of success in that line, just as their husbands do in business.

For years I have known many of these women, some intimately, and I know that the battle of the counting house and the rialto never waxes more warm than that of the bridge table and the Helping Hand society. The Helping Hand society is a powerful organization designed ostensibly to relieve the wants of the abject poor, a number of whom we always have had with us, and more of whom are constantly coming to us, thanks to the efficiency of our leading matrons of charity. The truth is that philanthropy in Pikeville has become fashionable. When it is the thing to be interested in good works, every one is interested. I know ladies whose children pollute the neighborhood in which they live, who themselves are greatly concerned about the morals of our local newsboys.

It is the thing, you know. When skirts are long we wear them that way, and when some one who is important enough to be heard calls our attention to the fact that newsboys habitually neglect to go to Sunday school, there is a furor among the ladies who want to give parties to raise money in order to hire a trained social worker who will undertake to get the newsboys to Sunday school.

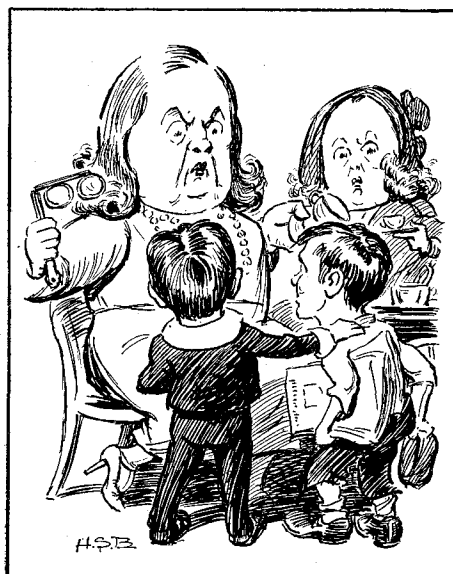
It is the same with bridge. Every one plays bridge these days. Not to know how to play bridge is to be socially illiterate. You might as well confess an inability to read and write. Nobody in Pikeville cares about music, except a coterie of so-called "artists," of no real consequence socially, who make their living drilling their art into the young of the species. But every one, on the other hand, is enthusiastic about bridge. Not that there are not plenty of people in Pikeville who privately loathe the game, to whom cards are as

By JANET KENWORTHY

DRAWINGS BY H. S. BARBOUR

tiresome as logarithms, but they all play it none the less. As one woman, a graduate of a leading woman's college and the wife of a really brilliant man, expressed it, "I don't like bridge, but you have to play it if you expect to go anywhere these days."

In other words, to get along, a woman in Pikeville has to do what every one



"I know Pikeville ladies whose children pollute the neighborhood, who themselves are greatly concerned about the morals of our local newsboys"

else is doing when every one else is doing it. If you don't do just what other people are doing, you are apt to find yourself a lone wolf in a wilderness all your own. There is nothing so unproductive of success in Pikeville as being alone either part of a day or for its entirety. People are necessary for a woman to succeed in Pikeville.

THE woman who takes a solitary walk (and what woman does?), is obviously a failure in the business of being a woman. You don't do things, unless it is baths, privately. You don't even read books unless some one else has read them or they come to you through a book club. Of course, there are only certain authors one may read and discuss in Pikeville. Jane Austen, for instance, is not smart reading.

A dozen years ago when the one-piece bathing suit came in, and even grandmothers decided that exercise is the thing, Pikeville suddenly realized that as it is situated at the junction of two rivers it is actually on the water. Swimming, formerly a sport for truant boys, became suddenly accessible to all. It became a fashionable thing to do. As

one social follower expressed it:

"I am so glad every one is taking up swimming. I've always wanted to learn to swim."

The new country club naturally included a swimming pool among its other conveniences. It is astonishing how completely fashionable Pikeville has taken to the water. I am convinced that a lot of the merry splashers feel towards the water the way a cat or a hen feels, but outwardly, of course, they are ducks—a bit reluctant, it is true, but, all the same, ducks.

The universal popularity of hard liquor has its roots in this craze to do just what every one else does. The main street in Pikeville is only one mile long. At one end it is ended by the river, and in the other direction a set of ecclesiastical buildings effectively blocks it. Business is spreading to the side streets and the streets parallel to Main. Some years ago, before prohibition, Main street had a saloon on every corner and two or three in between. There were at one time no less than thirty-nine emporiums for the sale of booze, between the river and St. Ignatius' Catholic church. Those were the days when ladies averted their eyes when passing a saloon.

A woman who took a drink was exactly as bad as one who smoked a cigarette, and, socially speaking, both were reckoned with those who had lost their virtue. But times have changed. All the girls, and you are a girl these days until you come to a wheeled chair, get well "liquored up" in Pikeville, for the same reason that they used sun-tan face powder last summer. It is the thing. Every one is doing it. Well, not every one, for a lot of people can't afford it, but at least every one who is any one.

It is true that an appetite for liquor grows with what it feeds upon, but on the other hand there are still people in the first circles who don't like it and who wouldn't take a drink any more than they would willingly bite into a green persimmon, if it were a matter of pleasure alone. But since every one is doing it, how can any one escape?

A man I know who has always led a godly, sober and industrious life, has recently started to make money. The social prospects of his family are looking up. He told me in confidence that he had now acquired a bootlegger, in addition to a fur coat for the wife. It won't be long now until he and the Mrs. will start crashing the country club. They are practicing for society, like the Ruggles children before Carol's party. It won't be easy, of course, for Ezra and

his wife to make a crowd, but if they are persistent, they will eventually do it.

OF COURSE every one who is any one in Pikeville belongs to a crowd. Not only do you do the same thing that every one else is doing at the same time every one else is doing it, but you do it with the same people. Mabel and Tom, Ella and Sam, Sarah and Henry, Dorothy and Elliott, meet once a week at the house of one of the four couples for dinner and an evening of bridge. Numerous cocktails are had by all, and by midnight Mabel is cross, and Tom is awfully funny, and Sam is making eyes at Dorothy, and Sarah has forgotten that Elliott is, after all, not her husband and that she has no right to call him down so fearfully for being a dub at contract.

Every one goes home more or less happy and a couple of nights later they meet again for another jolly evening at the country club, where there are other people, to be sure, but where, all the same, the "crowd" manages to maintain its integrity and the usual jolly time is had with the usual monotony of personnel. Except when Mabel has the flu or Henry is called out of town on business there is never any variety in the bunch that clusters together for an evening. So far as new faces go, they might all be cast together on a desert island, condemned to the society of each other and of no one else forever and ever.

It isn't the work of the men, this exclusive solidarity. In fact, through the day Tom and Henry may have no dealings with each other, but after nightfall they are brought together in a social way, which may or may not be entirely divorced from business in Pikeville. The women, however, are intimate friends every hour of the entire twenty-four. They also are deadly rivals. Mabel never lets Dorothy or any of the other girls get ahead of her. Four or five years ago Dorothy had a baby. Ella and Sarah also had one each. That left Mabel rather out of it, until she went to Chicago one fall and adopted a little girl. Other girls in Pikeville had babies shortly after Dorothy had one. Lately I have not heard of any prospective infants among our best people. Undoubtedly the stock market crash has something to do with it although the Helping Hand society still passes out plenty of layettes to folks who never were "anybody" and never will be.

THERE are, of course, plenty of women in Pikeville, whom one sees at the grocery or in church, who take care of husbands and children by day, and whose social round at night consists of a

trip to the movies, Rudy Vance on the radio, or a quiet game of bunco with members of the family under the evening lamp. These women are the wives of the moderately unsuccessful. They

up young female in the best circles of Pikeville knows who is who instinctively.

There are no private schools in Pikeville, but since the daughters of our first



The wearing of bathing suits suddenly became the vogue in Pikeville—and everybody who was anybody followed the social leaders

have husbands who are white collar clerks or else high class laboring men. The wives of such men in Pikeville are like the army of non-sorority girls in a big university. They are the worker ants in the big beehive, and they simply don't "belong." One doesn't know them except in most casual fashion. Although one lives across the street from one of these women, or in the middle of a colony of them, one doesn't ask one of them to fill in at a double bridge foursome, nor does one ask her children to one's children's parties after the age of eleven or twelve. It simply isn't done, you know. All sheep are goats to a certain extent in early childhood in Pikeville, but by the time the junior high school age is reached, boys and especially girls have to learn just who is who.

It should be noted that the young male of the species is not naturally exclusive. Frequently the son of the family does not learn the right people from the wrong people except by painful maternal effort. Sometimes he never learns it, unless Providence is kind and he marries the right girl. While making a living in Pikeville is still exclusively the property of the male, the man of the family is graded socially according to the girl he marries, and girls either belong from the start, or they don't belong at all, except in rare instances. For that reason, perhaps, the well-brought-

families invariably magnetize each other, the danger of contamination with the vulgar herd is slight. They fall naturally into "crowds," and the crowd is more inviolate than that of their bridge-playing elders. No mere daughter of the masses ever gets a look-in, unless she happens to be one that all the nice boys follow after. Every three or four years such a girl happens, and although the crowd struggles and squirms, it ends by swallowing her, as if she were a dose of castor oil. If her popularity goes into eclipse, up she comes again. As the high school belle is seldom the charmer of more mature men, the eruption is usually as certain as it is violent.

THERE are in Pikeville a number of women, teachers mostly, who run under their own steam. We also have a business woman's club, but as the members are stenographers, clerks, office attendants, etc., the club's name is a misnomer. A woman who takes dictation is no more a business woman than her brother who clerks in a grocery store. She is a wage-earner, an employee, and she may be one of nature's noblewomen, but her connection with business is entirely as an accessory. Such women are entirely without influence in Pikeville, except perhaps among themselves. Their lives are far more circumscribed than those of the unattached males of their

(Please Turn to Page 469)

►► Son of Progressivism ◀◀

A Portrait of "Young Bob" La Follette

By BARBARA GILES

THE closing years of the last century were, in more than one way, distinctly inauspicious for the destiny of conservative Republicanism in this country. "Fighting Bob" La Follette, the elder, began his warfare on the regular Republican party machine in Wisconsin and thereby set in motion a revolt which eventually touched nearly every state. About that time Robert M. La Follette, Junior, the first son of the first "wild jackass," was born. By the time "Young Bob" reached manhood, the progressive movement had long outgrown its infancy and was sending apprehensive shivers through the stalwart frame of the G.O.P. With it, "Young Bob" had grown every step of the way. When the first La Follette died, he left to the progressive cause a fighter in whom the La Follette inheritance went far beyond a name and a tradition.

His entrance into the Senate was marked by an encounter with Old Guard Republicanism in which "Young Bob" politely tripped William Butler, then Chairman of the Republican National Committee, Jim Watson, and their confederates. After the La Follette election, Senator Butler had been quick to announce publicly that the victor would never be recognized as a Republican. With the same contemptuous gesture that the Elephant had tossed the first La Follette and his supporters, so would the son be cast off. Mr. Butler's lordliness was understandable enough. Had not La Follette, Junior, committed all the crimes and shown himself possessed of all the idiosyncrasies of La Follette, Senior? It was impossible to suppose that the son, who had managed his father's presidential campaign, was one whit less steeped in the La Follette "radicalism" than the candidate himself had been.

But G. O. P. consistency and lordliness met a severe setback under the superior demands of G. O. P. practical politics. For when heads were counted and possible shifts in the next election reckoned, it was discovered that the sinner would have to be accorded the status of angel if a Republican majority in the Senate were to be maintained. After some hasty conferences, a retreat was decided upon. "Bobby" was smirked upon, patted on the head and tendered the olive branch in the form of an invitation to attend a Republican

The conference of progressives in Washington again fastened attention on "Young Bob" La Follette, son of a "son of the wild jackass," who was there hailed by Norris of Nebraska as the future leader of progressivism. Indeed, the Senator and his brother, Governor Phil of Wisconsin, have time and opportunity before them to make the La Follette dynasty a great factor in national politics. This article tells how Bob has made his way in the Senate.

caucus and to accept Republican committee assignments. From the standpoint of the national party, it was undoubtedly a gracious, magnanimous and wholly beautiful gesture, but one which was worse than wasted on the recipient. Mr. La Follette did not attend the caucus or bother to explain his absence. He did take the committee assignments, but in an open letter he made plain his independence in courteous phrases that left some marks on the elephantine hide. The Senate realized that a La Follette was again among them.

His career during five years in the Senate cannot be fully understood without some knowledge of his previous life. La Follette has the unique distinction of being the only Senator in our history who was practically reared in the Senate chamber. An inseparable companion to his father, the youngster, even at the age of twelve, was familiar with Senate proceedings, political issues and personalities. His service in campaigns started when as a child he sat on the platform and pulled his father's coat tails to remind him of the hour for train time, and it proceeded beyond 1924 when he was the guiding spirit in the ill-fated La Follette presidential campaign. The elder La Follette is often quoted as saying that he was willing to trust young Bob's political judgment against his own. La Follette, Junior, was secretary to his father from 1919 until the latter's death, and he made frequent trips to Wisconsin during that time to tie up political threads while Senator La Follette held the fort in Washington.

When he came to the Senate he had acquired practically twenty years of political learning and at least ten of real experience. His memory of things political goes back as far as that of veterans like Reed Smoot and Furnifold Simmons. Even before he began his own campaign for the Senate, he had estab-

lished a name for himself. Far from being a subordinate, if interesting, part of the La Follette legend, young Bob was treated as a figure of national importance even by skeptical journals. These things help to explain his rapid rise in the Senate from the freshman class to a position that ranks him with Norris and Borah.

They also help to explain his mastery of every conceivable piece of information bearing on subjects of Senate debate. To

visitors in the Senate gallery who anticipate a soul-shaking piece of La Follettian oratory, there is a disconcerting march of facts and figures throughout his carefully prepared speeches. Here is one "wild jackass" who uses his head as well as his heels. One sometimes hears complaints that he is lacking in the smash and drama that characterized the first La Follette, and it is true that as an orator he bears less resemblance to his father than does his younger brother, Phil, who is governor of Wisconsin.

In this as in all surface matters he sedulously avoids imitations of his predecessor. Nevertheless, his most factual diatribes usually swing along with devastating effect. When, during the final days of tariff debate, he battered at the Smoot-Hawley brain-child with a deadly barrage of pure logic, the saintly Mr. Fess of Ohio, who was presiding at the time, sat helplessly chewing his nails in pious horror at the La Follette heresies.

Yet his remarks are as far removed from the statistical intonations of his driest colleagues as they are from the bombast and demagoguery that too often characterize the utterances of some of his insurgent allies. What he does not punctuate with thunder he flavors with the rare quality of a sense of humor that sometimes takes the form of irony and again verges on sheer mischievousness. On one occasion, at least, he made a mockery of grandiloquence that brought him the everlasting gratitude of the liberal-hearted. An enterprising newspaper reporter had unearthed and made public the Senate roll-call, taken in executive session, on the confirmation of Irvine Lenroot's appointment to the United States Court of Customs Appeals. The exposure was immediately brought to the Senate's attention in open session, and great was the grief and indignation of that august body. There followed solemn enunciations on professional ethics

from Reed of Pennsylvania and any number of profound remarks from his colleagues concerning senatorial dignity and the violation thereof. Weighty suggestions were made for apprehending and punishing the culprit who had broken a sacred confidence.

Mr. Reed, who, in his heavy-hearted manner, had assumed the responsibility of severely rebuking the reporter, the press association that he represented, as well as the entire profession of journalism, presented a resolution from the Committee on Rules which harshly, though with necessary vagueness, censured whatever member or employee of the Senate had given out the secret information. He further announced that his committee had decided to deny the offending press organization the privilege of the Senate chamber.

In this atmosphere of wounded dignity and grieved righteousness, "Young Bob" flashed up. He paid his respects to the "anonymous slap on the wrist" implied in the resolution; reminded the Senate that it was a representative body and not a private club; and ridiculed the "shocked and horrified" attitude of several senators by citing instance after instance where the rules governing secrecy had been flaunted without any permanent injury to the republic. Finally, to the unrestrained delight of the press gallery, he completely upset Mr. Reed's sanctimonious pose by reading a newspaper account which clearly indicated that the Pennsylvanian had once been guilty of tattling on his own words, as well as on his vote, in executive session.

Toward the end of his first term, he introduced a Senate resolution that caused considerable annoyance in the imperturbable soul of Calvin Coolidge. In brief, it anticipated by about six months Mr. Coolidge's own decision on a possible third term by declaring it to be "the sense of the Senate" that Washington and other presidents had the right idea when they found two presidential terms sufficient and that, in fact, any idea to the contrary would be "unwise, unpatriotic and fraught with peril to our free institutions."

Before the resolution was considered, Mr. Coolidge had publicly bowed himself out of the 1928 picture, but an ominous clamor of incredulity was arising from Republican leaders. In January, 1928, Senator La Follette called up his resolution and appended an amendment that politely commended Calvin for his observance of the proprieties. Although he later withdrew the amendment at the pained insistence of Old Guardsmen who hinted that it might possibly be construed as "an unfriendly gesture to the President," the

original resolution was passed by a vote of 56 to 26. Norris contributed to the occasion by solemnly reprimanding those disloyal Republicans who had refused



Underwood

"YOUNG BOB" LA FOLLETTE

the President a simple word of commendation.

With the La Follette sense of humor goes an amiability that is as natural as it is pleasing. For one who belongs to a faction that is necessarily in combat at least half the time, he is singularly free from enemies. It is true that Senator Smoot once announced that he would resign from the Finance Committee if La Follette were made a member, but that, perhaps, might be taken as the wail of a monarch over the threatened dissolution of his kingdom rather than as an expression of personal hostility. Senator La Follette was made a member of the committee, and Mr. Smoot is still chairman; although more than one Democrat gleefully reminded him of his "promise" afterwards.

Men who fought the first La Follette with bitterness now smile upon his son. How much of this friendliness represents atonement for the past, it is impossible to estimate. But even discounting the influence of conscience, there remains an attitude remarkably free from malice on the part of men whose every political tenet is in direct contrast to the La Follette beliefs and practices.

His reception at the Republican National Convention in 1928, when he presented the minority report of the Committee on Resolutions, was so drastic a departure from that accorded his predecessors as to constitute a minor revolution in the national party's attitude. It

had been the custom of delegates since 1908 to treat the minority report as a joke, if not as a flagrant insult. Its presentation only four years previously had almost been drowned out by jeers and hisses. Not so in 1928. La Follette boasted of the progressive faction's accomplishments over the opposition of regular Republicans, and regular Republicans cheered. He touched upon the oil scandals, not even decently interred yet, and they took it smilingly. His ex-coriation of Andrew Mellon's tax plan met applause. Some of the delegates voiced their approval with outspoken tributes to "Senator La Follette's sincere earnestness."

La Follette's attitude on that occasion is perhaps as typical an example of the man's personality as one can find. With every reason to expect hostility and derision, he faced the crowd without a trace of either belligerence or fear. He knew what he was there to say, and he said it with perfect good temper but with unmistakable meaning, and the shock (for shock it must have been) of discovering an audience in sympathy with him, if not with his ideas, had not the slightest effect on his course. He thanked them, but he continued with the same earnestness and force that he undoubtedly would have employed had they attempted to stone him. For his amiability leaves him no more inclined than was his father to accept half-loaves.

But his personality, however important, goes a small way toward explaining his achievements. The most winning manner in the world unaided by unusual ability could not have made any headway against the obstacles in his own state. Wisconsin, "the cradle of the progressive movement," has for many years been rocked by a most conservative gubernatorial hand. Public opinion has been shaped, so far as newspapers can shape it, by journals opposed almost

(Please Turn to Page 469)



Underwood

NORRIS AND LA FOLLETTE

⇒ Testimonials, F. O. B. ⇐

More Light on Big Names in Advertising

By ALVA JOHNSON

ONE of the outstanding testimonial events of recent years was the rescue of the crew of the shipwrecked Florida by Lucky Strikes. Captain Fried, Chief Officer Manning and Bosun's Mate Wilson of the America modestly belittled their personal part in this gallant feat and gave the credit to Lucky Strikes, more particularly to the toasting process which gives Luckies their toasted flavor.

Lucky Strikes and Old Golds ran a close race to see which would be first in the rescue of the imperilled Mariners. Luckies won by a very close margin. In fact, immediately after Captain Fried had signed with Lucky Strikes for \$1,000, Old Gold offered him \$2,000, which embarrassed and upset the brave and bluff sailor considerably, because he not only preferred \$2,000 to \$1,000 but he preferred Old Golds to Luckies.

Captain Fried and his fellow endorsers were stampeded into giving their testimonials under circumstances which made them seem to be obeying orders in doing so. This big testimonial scoop was engineered by F. Darius Benham, one of the most dashing of the testimonial wangers. Mr. Benham's hobby is the organization of impromptu parades and celebrations in New York for heroes that Grover Whalen overlooks. He had twice turned out his own private army of hero-worshippers to welcome ship captains who had performed gallant feats in the service of the United States Lines. When the news of Fried's rescue of the men of the Florida came over the radio, Mr. Benham hurried to the offices of the United States Lines, where he was, as a matter of course, put in charge of the celebration. "Benham in charge," was wirelessed by the line to Captain Fried.

When the America came into the harbor, F. Darius Benham was at the right hand of Grover Whalen. Benham made a megaphone of his hands and shouted to Captain Fried, "I want to see you."

"I got the radio," called back Captain Fried. Benham cupped his hands again.

"Lucky Strikes," he cried hoarsely. Captain Fried nodded. Chief Officer Manning came within hearing distance. Manning signified that he was at the orders of Benham.

"Lucky Strikes," barked Benham. Manning nodded. Meantime, word painters had reduced the tale of the heroism of Lucky Strikes to testimonial form. When they stepped on shore Captain Fried and Chief Officer Manning

The testimonial advertisers use big news as well as big names in demanding public attention, playing them as a newspaper plays events and personalities on the front page, as Mr. Johnston points out in this last article in his series. "Scoops" or "beats" are most important to this enterprising industry which—surprisingly enough—does not agree within itself on the desirability of the testimonial.

signed in the places indicated at the bottom of the two stirring sea stories and each received his \$1,000 check. Bosun's Mate Wilson was signed later for \$200. On learning that Old Gold had offered \$2,000 and that Captain Fried felt a little disturbed about it, Lucky Strikes did the handsome thing by presenting a second check for \$1,000. Captain Fried later felt that he had made a mistake although he had half supposed himself to be acting under orders. A negligible circumstance in connection with this great Lucky Strike triumph is that Captain Fried smokes Old Golds, Bosun's Mate Wilson smokes Camels and Chief Officer Manning doesn't smoke.

Captain Fried is not a world-famous connoisseur on tobacco, but it is a principle of the testimonial industry that anybody in whom the public is interested can be made an authority on anything. Other things being equal, the preference is given to the authority who knows something about the subject; but any man or woman who figures favorably on the front pages becomes good copy on all matters. The theory of the testimonial is stated as follows by Stanley Resor, the best qualified man in the world to pronounce upon the subject:

"We want to copy those whom we deem superior in taste, knowledge or experience. The desire to emulate is stronger in women than in men. Lombroso, the celebrated psychologist, explains it in terms of woman's ability to excite her imagination with external objects. It enables her to become a princess or movie queen by using the cold cream or toilet soap they recommend. Finally, people are eternally searching for authority. Democracy, even in name, is new. Royalty, aristocracy, feudalism, dominated the world for scores of cen-

turies, instilling in the masses a sense of inferiority and an instinctive veneration for their betters. This respect for authority is so little discriminating that we listen to a motor maker's opinions of history, an inventor's dicta on religion and a theatrical producer's theories on education."

Mr. Resor admits that authorities have in some instances been strangely misused. Lady Heath, the British airwoman, for instance, received \$500 for endorsing Cutex, a fingernail polish, a few days before she made her indignant statement to the press that the Automotive Club of Detroit had snubbed her by cancelling an invitation to dinner because her hands were grimy. Another odd authority, who was sworn in by the Royal Portable typewriter, was Cagle, the star halfback at West Point. "It is the greatest aid I ever knew in keeping up my grades," said Cadet Cagle. F. P. A. looked up Cagle's grades and found that, in a class of 266 men, he stood 232nd in mathematics, 207th in English, 237th in French, 239th in History, 211th in Drawing, 212th in Tactics and 122nd in Conduct.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., is one of many curious authorities on cigarettes. He received \$1,000 for an endorsement. Because of a delicate throat he never smokes and was seized with a violent fit of coughing when he posed for his testimonial photograph. Lady Diana Manners, one of the few Pond's endorsers who really was beautiful, announced in interviews that her beauty was due to fresh air, exercise and plenty of plain soap and water.

One of the supreme authorities of the testimonial industry is the Princess Maryanna Mayorskaya. Her Royal Highness endorsed the Borzoi books, saying, "Mindful of the inherent responsibilities of royalty in shaping the ideals of bourgeoisie, I am careful never to be seen in public without a Borzoi book." The Princess Maryanna is not to be found in the Almanach de Gotha, nor in any other register of nobility. The Princess, in fact, is a small, dark, frizzly-headed man who makes a splendid living thinking up trick advertisements and publicity. He decided, reasonably enough, that it would be foolish to pay several thousand dollars for a testimonial from a Princess, when he could invent a Princess of his own who would do just as well.

A few of the other authorities who endorsed Lucky Strikes are Mme. Schu-

mann-Heink who never smoked in her life and never permits anybody to smoke in the same room with her for many hours before she sings; Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., who smokes \$1.25 cigars; and the late Tex Rickard, who smoked nothing but cigars. Old Gold was picked in blind-fold tests by baseball players who never smoked cigarettes.

Gene Tunney is an ethical hair-splitter. He declined to endorse Nuxated Iron solely because he did not use it. All modern champions have been Nuxated Iron men. Jess Willard publicly credited Nuxated Iron with the knockout of Jack Johnson. Jack Dempsey publicly credited Nuxated Iron with the knockout of Jess Willard. Ring tradition and a large check called on Tunney to credit Nuxated Iron with the defeat of Dempsey. "It isn't honest," said Tunney, and nothing could move him. He did endorse Nujol, but he used it. Lucky Strikes offered him \$10,000 for a modified endorsement which did not state that he smoked them but Tunney would give no aid or comfort to any kind of cigarette.

There is one slight flaw in Tunney's testimonial record. As he and several friends arranged themselves before the camera when he was training for the fight with Heeney, Tunney suddenly called on the photographers to wait. He trotted off, removing his suspenders and trotted back adjusting a belt. "I've endorsed the Hickok live leather belt," he apologized. Later in another unguarded moment, Tunney was again untrue to live leather, saying in an interview that he preferred suspenders because they did not constrict the intestines.

Some of the most subtle heads in America have long been scratched to find some method of obtaining medical endorsements in the face of the iron-clad ethics of the medical profession. Fleischmann's yeast succeeded at last in landing two excellent authorities, Dr. Ira L. Hill of New York and Dr. H. H. Rusby, Professor of Pharmacology at Columbia University, who occupies a half column in *Who's Who in America*. Both men were brought up on charges by New York medical societies; both saved themselves from expulsion by promising to sin no more. Dr. Rusby was reprimanded privately; Dr. Hill was reprimanded privately by one medical body and publicly by another. Testimonials have been freely obtained, however, from European medical men of sounding name. Some light is thrown on the procedure by a letter of a London physician to the *British Medical Journal*, saying:

"On April 3rd of this year, my secretary made an appointment for me to see a Miss E. She duly appeared, not, how-

ever, in the guise of a patient, but in that of an advertising agent for a well-known brand of yeast. Her proposition to me, made most charmingly, but in the best American business manner, was that I should write a testimonial extolling the virtues of yeast, this testimonial, together with my name and photograph, to appear in magazines, newspapers, and (or) in any other advertising media published in the United States of America and Canada. For doing this I was to receive the sum of 150 pounds (\$750). To quiet any scruples I might have against doing so, I was informed that four members of my profession in London had already signed the agreement, a copy of which is here appended."

Following the use of individual authorities there has recently developed the use of massed authorities, or statistics. Palmolive soap, for instance, has made an accurate count of the beauty shops which use Palmolive soap and finds that they number 14,592. Old Golds have been using statistics with distinguished success in their concealed name tests. Some of the guesses as to the cause of the remarkable winning streak of Old Gold in the Old Gold tests are as follows:

First, the extraordinary competence

of Old Gold tellers; second, the assertion that the other three cigarettes used in the test are rolled so tightly that the smoker can hardly draw smoke through them; third, the theory that the contests are governed solely by laws of chance; that each cigarette will be in the lead at one time or another; and that the sole art is to stop the contest when Old Gold is out in front.

The Norma Talmadge incident indicates that Old Gold does not dope or mistreat the rival cigarettes. A great crowd had gathered to see Norma Talmadge take the test, but some one had forgotten to provide the cigarettes. Luckies, Camels and Chesterfields were quickly borrowed from those present, but a boy had to be sent to the drug store to get Old Golds.

Old Gold scored one of its sensational victories at Princeton recently. Old Gold's own contest resulted as follows:

Old Gold, 118; second cigarette, 75; third cigarette, 74; fourth cigarette, 36.

A little later the graduating class at Princeton voted on their favorite cigarettes. This contest, carried on without the aid of Old Gold election officials, resulted as follows: Lucky Strikes, 144; Chesterfields, 90; Camels, 60; Old Golds, 38.

The Spotlight on Sports

►► English Boat Race

HERE'S a paradox! The athletic event which annually attracts the largest of all sporting crowds yields no gate receipts. I refer to the Oxford-Cambridge boat race from Putney to Mortlake on the winding, shallow Thames. Close to a million people get a glimpse of the crews as they thrash upstream past the bleak breweries, grimy factories, and smoke-scaled warehouses which line the river.

It is a drab, tawdry background for the most patrician of sporting classics. Oddly enough, this contest between swank scions of aristocracy is anything but exclusive in so far as its audience is concerned. The clash of Blues on the Thames furnishes the excuse for a Cockney holiday. White Chapel jostles Belgravia; Limehouse rubs elbows with Mayfair. Half of London turns out to stage an unofficial bank holiday. The race is incidental. The mob is sufficient unto itself, enjoys this spontaneous outing as only Londoners can. Costermongers adorn their lapels with dark blue or light blue streamers and become "university men" for the day.

These self-elected "Blues" are more rabidly partisan than the languidly blasé Oxford and Cambridge graduates who occasionally emit a dignified "well rowed, sir," "nippy work," or "get together."

This is the longest as well as the oldest of college boat races; the twisty course measures four and a quarter miles. The finish is in fairly open country, green meadows relieving the monotonous expanse of brewery walls. There is a tradition, seldom broken, that the crew which first slips beneath the dank, dismal arch of Barnes bridge is destined to win.

Oxford hasn't won the classic since Mellon, an American boy, set the beat. Kingsbury of Yale and Keith of Harvard have pulled sweeps in the Dark Blue shell.

►► Training on Ale

A course lined with breweries seems appropriate when you realize that frothy beer and nut-brown ale are staple beverages in the training diet of Oxford and Cambridge oarsmen. Even an occasional pipe isn't barred.

No loud-mouthed professional coach

curses these English oarsmen through a megaphone. There are no coaching launches, indoor tanks, rowing machines or other paraphernalia familiar to American crew candidates. A casual, all-in-fun spirit pervades the training period. Old Blues drop in to lend a hand in the coaching, but the captain is an absolute monarch. He can fire the volunteer coaches or change the seating of the boat as he sees fit. That happened last year. Sometimes a professional sculler is invited to study the crew's form and offer suggestions.

A glass of ale every evening is the regular ratio. A week before the race, however, the oarsmen break training for fair—indulge in a good old Anglo-Saxon "binge." On such occasions as these a pint of beer or port wine is consumed per man.

This easy-going, convivial method of preparation would shock the hard-boiled Yankee crew coach, but these English youngsters seem to thrive under it. After that gruelling pull from Putney to Mortlake they appear fresher and less fagged out than our Poughkeepsie finishers. At all events, the Cantabs and Oxonians have a swell time. Rowing under such auspices is fun rather than tight-lipped drudgery.

This reminds me that Yale's football coaches of the victorious 1900-1907 era used to serve champagne to their charges on the Sunday following the Princeton game. This bibulous interlude cured staleness and pepped up the Elis for their ensuing match with Harvard. Yale made a habit of beating both its rivals during that period.

►►Spring Football

FRESH green buds are sprouting on bare poled trees, dandelions are thrusting yellow heads through suburban lawns, forsythia blooms brighten the landscape, yet—incongruous note—the unmistakable ping of a punted football echoes from half a hundred college gridirons.

Spring is here all right enough, and so is football. For this seasonal anachronism you must thank those forward looking football coaches who plan to beat the gun. In thus anticipating autumn by six months they are taking their cue from Knute Rockne who says: "My football campaigns are won in the spring."

Notre Dame is the ringleader if not the pioneer in sponsoring intensive spring football practice. Some six hundred eager youngsters are now blocking and tackling on old Cartier field. Rockne builds his teams in apple-blossom time. It is then that his men perfect themselves in the bedrock fundamentals—blocking, tackling, charging, carrying,

kicking and position play. It is then that his pupils get in their heavy licks, scrimmaging for days to earn varsity places.

There is little body contact work for the Notre Dame varsity once the fall campaign begins. The Irish regulars couldn't survive those ultra-rigorous schedules if they exhausted their vitality in daily scrimmages.

It doesn't follow that spring football is a vicious phenomenon just because it happens to be out of season. At Notre Dame the boys like football. There is no rowing call to distract huskies from the gridiron, while tennis and golf are looked down upon as scarcely compatible with the two-fisted, hard-boiled Notre Dame tradition. Golf clubs and tennis rackets are presumptive evidence, in Rockne's expressive jargon, that their users "wear lace on their pants."

Even at Yale, where student publications waged a crusade to "de-emphasize" football, idealism has been overridden by expediency. Coach Stevens, smarting under three successive defeats by Harvard, has his gridiron neophytes hard at work. Down New Brunswick way, J. Tasker Wilder, new Rutgers coach, has scrapped Sanford's methods in favor of Notre Dame tactics. Naturally this calls for spring drilling.

These spring workouts, Tasker declared, "are not compulsory." Oh, dear, no! Unfortunately, he qualified, at least by implication, this theory of personal freedom. "If men fail to avail themselves of this spring practice opportunity it will be just too bad for them next fall," Tasker continued. This is tantamount to coercion. The coach might justly have

added, "it will also be too bad for yours truly."

►►Borotra on Tilden

"TILDEN has done a lot for tennis; it's time tennis did something for Tilden"—thus Jean Borotra to ship news reporters. Not for a minute would I dispute the globe-trotting Parisian pump salesman, and yet I wonder whether the Tilden-Tennis tally isn't two sets all and five games apiece.

Big Bill has assuredly done a lot for tennis, but it seems to me that tennis has just about made Big Bill. His name is known today in countries that never heard of Bobby Jones. For ten years he has been gallivanting about the globe supported in considerable style either directly or indirectly by the game he ornaments.

Ask the average schoolboy what the Hayes-Tilden scrap was all about and he's apt to reply—"Oh, yes, you mean the time Big Bill told the U. S. L. T. A. president where to get off!"

►►Stanley Cup Series

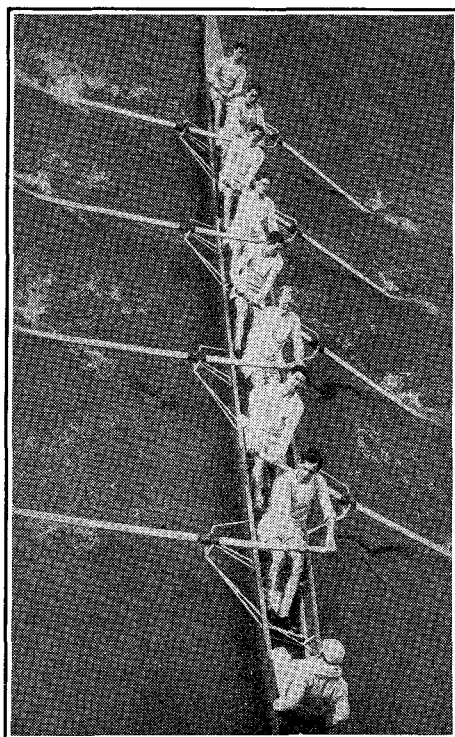
THAT ribald music hall ditty of a vanished day entitled, "'Twas the roundabout way he got at it," reminds me of the opera bouffe method employed to decide the professional hockey championships. The plan must have been devised by the chap who originated the federal income tax blank.

The "system" (sic) goes something like this: Ten teams, grouped in two leagues, play a five-month season of games merely to eliminate the two trailers in each division. The three leaders in each league then meet, in the order of their finish. This throws the "pennant winners" of the two leagues together right away. One of them must drop out in the opening play-off skirmish, but the survivor is privileged to move directly into the final round.

Meanwhile, the winner of the second place play-off is stacked against the winner of the third place play-off for the right to face the first bracket survivor. The resulting victor is then permitted to write "world's champions" after its name, probably because the committee has run out of ideas for prolonging the torture.

This merry-go-round robin strikes Americans as farcical. We are accustomed to a clean-cut, quick decision baseball world's series, but our Canadian cousins are foolish like a fox. They realize that procrastination, plus suspense, makes the turnstiles click. Hence the roundabout way they go at it.

GEORGE TREVOR.



Underwood & Underwood

Cambridge gets ready

Son of Progressivism

(Continued from Page 465)

without exception, to La Folletteism. Patronage, that powerful weapon of politicians, has been denied the La Follettes since the day "Old Bob" opposed the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Act. Yet "Young Bob" was able to dissociate himself from the Hoover forces in 1928 and win his re-election by 554,074, despite the fact that Wisconsin went for Hoover and Bob's own party tried to squeeze him out by putting up an independent candidate. One year after he first went to the Senate, his state replaced Irvine Lenroot with the progressive Blaine and returned a progressive delegation to the House. With Phil's triumphant race against Governor Kohler, Wisconsin's capitulation to the Progressives was made complete. "The La Follette boys" now have a stronger grip on the state than "Old Bob" himself was ever able to achieve. How do they do it? With the same weapons that their father used—the platform, the La Follette sincerity, and the La Follette energy.

Neither has "the youngest Federal Senator since Henry Clay" traveled a particularly smooth road in Washington. When he was elected, the progressive movement was definitely on the wane. Its representatives in Congress formed a slim group who asked for and received scant support from either of the two national parties. La Follette's early defiance of party regularity, in particular, had not endeared him to the Old Guard who were already loath to give an insurgent an inch. Here, again, his shrewdness and ability saw him through. Relegated at first to one or two unimportant committees, he now heads the Committee on Manufactures and is a member of the Committees on Foreign Relations, Finance, Commerce, Indian Affairs, and Mines and Mining. His work on the two special committees, appointed to investigate the tariff commission in 1925 and the Pennsylvania primaries in 1926—both of which committees he rated by virtue of the requirement that a Progressive be included—indicated the extent of his resourcefulness and industry. An almost lifelong observation of Senate proceedings has made him one of the best parliamentarians in Congress.

Young Bob is a hard worker but not a dogged one. He is interested; he likes to dig beneath the surface and discover things for himself. His eagerness for inside facts is not unlike that of a reporter; and, in fact, his original inclination was toward journalism rather than politics.

In appearance, he is attractive and

seems even younger than his thirty-five years. His resemblance to his mother is striking. There is nothing of the self-consciousness or the pretentiousness of a "public man" about La Follette. His speeches are swift and emphatic, but he uses few gestures and completely ignores the galleries. When not engaged in debate, he looks on with interest, often smiling openly at the sallies of Pat Harrison, the owlish observations of Sam Shortridge, or at some particularly acrimonious exchange across the aisle. He has many friends in the Senate, one



Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of the Week
in The Outlook of March 28, 1931

Chairman G. D. Bandarlog, of the Code of Honor Committee of the Authors' Association, announced that the newly drafted code would contain the following section: "A member accused unjustly of plagiarism may slap his accuser's face once; if justly, twice."

The 1931 edition of the Directory of Directors contained the names of 55,682 men, 14,309 women and 8 crooners.

The president of the National Sportsmen's Society made the dedication address at the opening last week of the Extinct Animals' Wing of the Natural History Museum in New York. Among the exhibits already installed are groups showing the dinosaur, Great Awk, the Passenger Pigeon, the American bison, the gorilla, the Antarctic whale and seventeen species of game birds.



of the closest being the fiery Hiram Johnson of California. Between him and Norris there exists a sort of father-and-son relationship which dates back to "Fighting Bob's" Washington days.

To official Washington society, the La Follettes pay a most perfunctory sort of attention. Young Bob is sociable, however, likes company, and is very fond of dancing. He is an ardent baseball fan.

Numerous enthusiastic persons have pointed to La Follette as the logical person to lead his country out of the wilderness of befuddled democracy into an era of sanity. Very few, however, actually predict that these things will come to pass. The future of the progressive movement is too hedged about with "ifs" for the most optimistic crystal-gazer to envisage the White House for any one of its leaders. Probably nothing short of a cataclysm will prevent Democrats from nominating their own presidential candidates and Republicans from electing theirs for years to come. Nevertheless—cataclysms have occurred before, and "Young Bob," after all, is still very young.

Pikeville Follows the Social Leader

(Continued from Page 463)

same economic importance in the community.

Consider the teacher! She is a woman of a certain intelligence, and possessed of a definite amount of education, else she could not teach. Frequently, as an individual, she has a far more interesting mind than the average wife of the average prominent business man, but so long as she remains a teacher, she has no standing in society, and is valued entirely in relation to Lily and Fred, her pupils. She is never invited to a party, she does not serve on the library board, which is a matter of social distinction in Pikeville, and not a single member of her profession has ever been connected with the Helping Hand society, although it is the teachers in the public schools in Pikeville who actually, through the children, come in contact with poverty in its most pitiful aspect.

The principal of one of our schools does more to alleviate this particular poverty than all the fur-coated ladies of the Helping Hand society, who, incidentally, are the ones who dole out the Community Chest collections to the poor of our city. Miss Billings feeds the hungry in the school cafeteria at less than cost. She clothes the naked through appealing personally to the mothers of comfortable children for their cast-off clothing. She does it all without a thought of personal aggrandizement and although she is highly respected, she receives nothing in life for herself but her salary. As a matter of fact, she is an attractive woman, but I doubt if any one has ever noticed that. If she were to die tomorrow, her funeral would be widely attended, but no one would remember that she had left behind an aged mother whose sorrow could not be permanently assuaged by floral tributes.

Is there no woman in Pikeville who, as the expression is, "leads her own life"? I know of only three or four, women at the very pinnacle of the social structure, who have been rich long enough to forget it.

A nationally known social worker whose job, so she says, is to extract the surplus money of the very rich and spread it as thickly as possible on the very poor—a woman, by the way, with a definite call to service, not with an insatiable thirst for social position, since that is something she has never been without—told me that the men who have made their own fortunes are most wary about parting with contributions. Those who have inherited money give it away most freely. Similarly with the small

(Please Turn to Page 478)

The New Books

The Biographical Part

- "THE CARLYLES,"** by Osbert Burdett (Houghton, Mifflin, \$4).
"THE SINGING SWAN," by Margaret Ashmun (Yale University Press, \$3.50).
"ENTER THE ACTRESS," by Rosamund Gilder (Houghton, Mifflin, \$5).
"HARUN AL-RASHID," by Gabriel Audisio (McBride, \$3.50).
"STOUT CORTEZ," by Henry M. Robinson (Century, \$4).
"LIGHT-HORSE HARRY LEE," by Thomas Boyd (Scribner's, \$3.50).

The days when one took sides in the heated controversy about the personal life of Thomas and Jane Welsh Carlyle have long since passed. But the brilliant pair whose life was outwardly orderly and inwardly tempestuous can still command and hold the interest of readers. The rough diamond and the fine cut stone, the lionized husband and the childless wife, the genius and the eternal amateur, these are the Carlyles. Their story is exciting, distressing, exasperating, by turns. Their marriage had to buffet its way through everything except the contemporary pseudo-solutions to matrimonial problems. No novel ardously concocted by the student of Freud or Jung could be more searching or more revealing than Osbert Burdett's double biography. Its author brought to his study a mind obviously steeped in the oddities of human behavior, and in the obscurity of motivations. He also brought to it a range of thought sufficiently wide to permit him to leave the highroad of his subject at times and wander off into some of the side-streets which it passes. This means that the book is endlessly quotable. There are paragraphs on the "tattered prose" of *The French Revolution*, and on the virtues and defects of the "self-educated rustic" as man of letters which are of real moment as contributions to contemporary criticism. As a rule, the finest thing that critical biographies of writers can do is to send their readers back to the writer's own work. Carlyle's fame is in more or less eclipse at the moment. His somewhat turgid romanticism, his weighty violence are not suited to our nice taste. Oddly enough, Mr. Burdett's brilliant book does not tempt one to re-read Carlyle's books or his wife's letters. It tempts one to read more of Mr. Burdett.

The Singing Swan is another biography of a literary figure which will not tempt readers back to the works of

its subject. Nor is it intended to, for, unless you have a vast interest in the obscure you will not waste any time on looking up the prose or verse of Anna Seward, the Swan of Lichfield. Margaret Ashmun's book, which is more the story of a literary coterie than a biography of the woman who was the center of it, is engagingly written, although its humor

Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, New York; SCRANTONS, INC., Rochester; KORNER & WOOD, Cleveland; SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, St. Louis; KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., Denver; TEOLIN PILOT CO., Houston; PAUL ELDER & CO., San Francisco; NORMAN REMINGTON CO., Baltimore; EMERY BIRD THAYER, Kansas City; MILLER'S BOOK STORE, Atlanta; BULLOCK'S, Los Angeles; STEWART KIDD, Cincinnati; J. K. GILL, Co., Portland, Oregon; JOHN WANAMAKER, Philadelphia; THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., Boston, Massachusetts.

Fiction

The Bridge of Desire, by Warwick Deeping: McBride. Deeping's sensible if not original ideas about marriage and divorce in a machine-made story. Reviewed March 25.

Back Street, by Fannie Hurst: Cosmopolitan. Striking characterizations and heavy sob-stuff in a dramatic story of a rich man's faithful mistress. Reviewed January 28.

The Good Earth, by Pearl S. Buck: John Day. A simple and dignified story of a Chinese family and their devotion to the land. Reviewed March 18.

The Sophisticates, by Gertrude Atherton: Live-right. Clever but trifling tale of the "sophisticated" attitude toward murder. Reviewed March 11.

Grand Hotel, by Vicki Baum: Doubleday Doran. A fine translation of a German novel, the dramatization of which is Broadway's favored child. Reviewed January 7.

Non-Fiction

Education of a Princess, by Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia: Viking Press. The autobiography of the first cousin to Russia's last Czar. Reviewed January 7.

Hard Lines, by Ogden Nash: Simon & Schuster. Riotous light verse, much of which has appeared in the New Yorker. Reviewed January 28.

Boners, by Dr. Seuss and A. Abingdon: Viking. A sparkling little book of amusing mistakes. Reviewed March 11.

Lincoln the Man, by Edgar Lee Masters: Dodd, Mead. A partisan rather than judicial biography. Reviewed February 18.

The Memoirs of Marshal Foch: Doubleday, Doran. The Great War through the eyes of France's much beloved Marshal. Reviewed March 25.

and charm have not been allowed to interfere with its accuracy. The Swan was a great woman in her day. For one thing, she defied Samuel Johnson, and it took courage to do that. For another she was an eager and a receptive patroness of rising writers and poets. From her home in the palace of the Bishop of Lichfield, her father, she swayed her little group of writers. Her enthusiastic and sentimental heart was ready to espouse causes, although her somewhat scattered brain did not always grasp their meaning. Her pen was at the service of the good and true. If it was often inaccurate this may be attributed to "an over-emotional nature" and "entire absence of mental discipline in her education." Literary small-fry is absurd

enough when it is male: when it is female and apt to mistake charming or amusing personalities for geniuses it is stuff for comedy. Miss Ashmun's book is a comedy, but by no means a satiric one.

In *Enter the Actress* we find the first priestess was the first actress, playing the symbolic rôle of the female element. Dancing and pantomime were part of the earliest religious ritual. By steps not hard to follow, the priestess slipped into the prostitute. Scholarship has not discovered just what part, if any, women played in the Greek theatre; but the public entertainer in Greece, and later in Rome, had become what she was to remain for centuries, street singer, dancer, gymnast, and social outcast. From its beginnings, the Christian church fought against the stage. So it is curious to find that the first woman playwright was a nun. Miss Gilder's first chapter covers lightly but clearly the earliest rôle of the actress. Her second is devoted to Hroswitha, the tenth century nun of Gandersheim, whose remarkable dramas would have to be expurgated if they were played today. All through the middle ages women's parts in miracle plays and allegories were taken by boys. But "menestrelles" and "jongleresses" belonged to the earliest guilds of professional entertainers. In the sixteenth century, the "commediante" appeared in Italy; by the middle of the century Italian Commedia dell'Arte troupes were playing in France by the end of it Isabella Andrieni, virtuous as she was gifted, was "prima donninamorata" of Europe. French actresses soon competed with Italian. When the great day of the French theatre dawned, there were women ready to play their parts. One of Miss Gilder's best chapters is devoted to Madeleine and Armande Bejart, mistress and wife of Molière. From them, she turns to the pioneer actresses of the English stage, and we meet some names with which Pepys has made us familiar. From boys appearing as women, we find women playing men's parts and incurring the anathema of puritan divines. Aphra Behn, first professional woman playwright (and first female hack-writer) has a long chapter to herself. So has Caroline Neuber, Germany's eighteenth century actress-manager. The book closes with a chapter on Madame Vestris, first "lessee lady" and the English stage of a hundred years ago. From personal experience, this reviewer knows that one need not be interested in the stage to enjoy Miss Gilder's book. It is

"the biographical part of history" rather than pure biography with all its tedious investigations into character. On the great stage of history, the actress has only a walking-on part. But behind her, in Miss Gilder's book, we see an opulent and varied background; about and before her, the leading characters; watching and listening to them all, we watch and listen to the play. There is erudition in Miss Gilder's book. There is also humor, liveliness and grace.

The modern biographer of Harun Al-Rashid is faced with a scarcity of material. History gives him a few bare facts. She tells him that at the time of the birth of Harun, "the orthodox," in the eighth century, the original militant impulse of Islam had died down and that the Moslem empire was divided in Caliphates with the Abbasid family as caliphs of Bagdad, in Persia. She tells him that Harun may have known Charlemagne and certainly had some contact with the western empire; that he made some additions to his territory; that he was served and guided by the able members of the Barmecide family, and that he rewarded them first with power and gold and finally with denial and death; and that he was a patron of the arts and sciences. To set these historic facts against a picturesque background, the biographer draws upon his knowledge of the Arabian Nights, of Ferdusi's poetry and of Persian painting. He decorates his data with blood and attar of roses. So much Audisio has done, and nothing more. Possibly the original had some distinction of style which has eluded the translator.

As long as history is written and read books about the Conquest of Mexico will find readers. *Stout Cortez* is bloody and bold, the leading characters provoke definite emotions; especially the hero-villain, so much a man of his time, reacherous, violent, surpassingly daring, amazes and excites. Mr. Robinson's free hand biography is accurate, but, aimed at the inert type of reader, is crouched up in the high-spots of melodrama with a very large brush. *Stout Cortez* is another example of the grossly over-written popular biography, strongly influenced by both journalism and fiction.

The career of *Light-Horse Harry Lee* proceeded "along the jagged lines" of a "crazy ironic design." He performed one of the most spectacular exploits of the Revolution and was court-martialed for it: he fought to secure Virginia's ratification of the constitution and his victory endangered "his own and the South's prosperity:" he fell from the summit of popularity as Governor of Virginia to persecution as leader of the

federal troops against the whiskey insurrectionists: he was born to wide acres and died poor and far from home. His eldest son was a good deal of a scallawag; his youngest, one of the best beloved of American heroes. And one of his most felicitous phrases (he was noted for them) was credited to another man! Brilliant in action, Lee degenerated in times of peace. Thomas Boyd's experience as a novelist enables him to build up a fairly substantial background for his principal figure; but he is at his best in describing scenes of action. The Paulus Hook exploit, the campaigns in the Carolinas and Georgia, where Lee served with Nathanael Greene, and the brutal Baltimore Riot where Lee received the wounds from which he never fully recovered, are described with skill, clarity and vigor.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

The Week's Reading

"**A RICHER DUST**" by Storm Jameson (Knopf \$3). Readers who remember Miss Jameson's *The Voyage Home* and its sequel *The Lovely Ship* will certainly wish to follow to the end in this new novel the career of that forceful woman, Mary Hervey, who is here still the head of the great ship-building firm she has managed for many years and is still the grim ruler of an increasing, submissive, but difficult family. Other readers will regret that the author did not get more clearly before them at the outset the intricacies of that family connection. Indeed, it would have been a good idea to have furnished a genealogical chart, as was done in *The Forsyte Saga*. But, once fairly familiar with the complex of step relations, cousins, second marriages, and the like, every reader will find clear pictures of English men and women in pre-war, war and post-war days. And we see them, so to speak, from the inside out, not as objective sketches. Miss Jameson knows human nature; she shows us not merely what her characters do but what they are and how they think and feel. And, as for Mary, she stands out with all her obstinacy and narrowness as a keen-witted, strong-minded, forceful, personage before whom men and women simply yield or shrink away.

"**THE WINDING LANE**," by Philip Gibbs (Doubleday, Doran \$2.50). Sir Philip's new novel is announced as a challenge based on questions as to what our "new morality" is and whether the modern idea of freedom really works. The indictment of existing evils is vigorous, and the intimation is that the post-war social novelties are already becoming

SO YOU'RE GOING TO SPAIN!

by Clara E. Laughlin

The latest volume in this famous series of smart modern guides which now include books on Germany and Austria, Paris, Rome, France, Italy and England. Illustrated. \$4.00

Houghton Mifflin Co.

2 PARK ST., BOSTON

THE DOGS

By Ivan Nazhivin

"This Nazhivin has a cracker-jack story to tell and it is a story of Russian life on the great estates before the war, during the war, and the early days of the revolution."—*Burton Rascoe*.

"A story as virile as Jack London's and far more sophisticated. Reveals how the war was regarded by the common Russian people."—*Scribners*. \$2.50



LIPPINCOTT

Washington Square
PHILADELPHIA

ing stale by overstress. But, if there is here any finger-post toward a quieter and more conservative future, we have missed it. On the other hand, there is some capital fiction-stuff, chiefly in the character portrayal rather than in the plot. Particularly entertaining and enjoyable is the young novelist Brandon, who exclaims, "I've disgraced myself. *The Way of Escape* is a best seller." He had written book after book with effort only for art and depth, and had been praised but not read. Then, having plunged into life and love and been through despair, he wrote a novel that touched pity and sympathy, and the great public showered him with wealth. Thereupon the critics turned and rendered

Leading Stores Everywhere Report It

A BEST SELLER

The Sophisticates

A NEW MODERN NOVEL

by

Gertrude Atherton

4th edition in 3 weeks. \$2.00

HORACE LIVERIGHT INC. NY GOOD BOOKS

Behind the Blurbs

"RENEE, LA VAGABONDE¹," heroine of one of the best of Colette's many novels, is a music hall dancer in whom an unhappy marriage has bred mistrust and fear of love. Maxime, persistent and straightforward, wins first her toleration, then her affection, but surrender to his possessiveness, however much she wills it, is impossible to her. A delicate portrayal of the emotional states of a burnt child. ❖ ❖ ❖ Another actress, less realistically treated, but no less true to what we call life, is Rose Gogarty, in Robert Nathan's charming *The Orchid*². She too wants a strong arm to lean on, and Mr. Heavenstreet is only too willing to leave All—including a steel plant and a Mrs. H.—in order to be leaned on, preferably in Venice. And then comes the grand gala opening of Mr. Gambrino's carousel in Central Park, which is attended by Mr. Pembauer, the piano teacher, and Mrs. Connor, the hairdresser, and various other notables, including the Heavenstreets and Miss Gogarty, who as a result of various occurrences at these remarkable festivities, decides, like Renée, that she prefers to live her own life. Mr. Nathan's fantastic and delicate irony deserves your attention. ❖ ❖ ❖ H. A. Manhood has brought a powerful imagination and a strong sense of the harshness, humor and gnarled crabbedness of rural English character to the writing of *Gay Agony*³, the story of Micah, an inhibited young engineer who comes to build a dam at Thrust-on-the-Moor. Between Shaphan, his overseer, and Drusilla, who keeps the inn Micah has a hard time, being all but killed by the one and all but seduced by the other. The plot builds up to the horrible revenge which overtakes Shaphan and which nullifies Micah's resolve to have things out with the overseer. ❖ ❖ In *The Gyrth Chalice Mystery*⁴, the Gyrrhs had guarded the chalice for the crown for nearly 1000 years. But there was a group of covetous millionaire connoisseurs that wanted it. And practically nobody stood in their way but the amusing and ineffectual-looking Albert Campion, his curious servant Lugg, and young Val Gyrrth. But Campion turns out to be a tower of strength particularly in such matters as murderous horses, witches and hard-faced female crooks, and after a good deal of skirmishing on a fairly broad front, defeats the enemy. We select Campion as our Detective-of-the-Week.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

1. Doubleday, \$2.50.
2. Bobbs Merrill, \$2.00.
3. Viking, \$2.50.
4. By Margery Allingham: Crime Club, \$1.00.

him; his wife, daughter of an aristocratic gambler, spent all his money, and when she is removed from the scene by the stale device of a motor-car accident, he is left poor, lonely and wondering what life means, anyway. His publisher says "I'm advising my authors that the game is up for sex and self-analysis.—Back to Dickens, Balzac, Trollope, with a modern touch." But the critics never forgive him for becoming "a best seller." The author introduces several people of note by their real names; others are easily identifiable, in part at least. Decidedly the book is readable, even if the characters are likely to go into a huddle any minute to consider the parlous state of England.—R. D. T.

"MEN AND MEMOIRS," by Sir William Rothenstein (Coward-McCann, \$5). The quaint and the glorious, the madcap and the gifted of the last decades of the nineteenth century crowd through the pages of these memoirs. Many figures stand out, clothed, by the author, in tender trait or blatant eccentricity. Whistler emerges, encased in stony egotism, cherishing his dignity with his eye-glass; Oscar Wilde, puffy and pathetic; Degas, sternly consecrated to his art; Verlaine, neglected, ill, duped by a harridan mistress; Max Beerbohm, in whom twin gifts of kindness and satire are united; Aubrey Beardsley, the warm youth who regretted his eroticism too late; Rodin who, walking in his garden with the author, remarked: "People say I think too much about women," and when Rothenstein was about to demur, added: "yet, after all, what is there more important to think about?" Behind these tall men, lurking a little in shadow, flock the other artists and writers, actors and scholars who made the intellectual texture of their time. Too many personalities have perhaps invaded the author's memory, for he has not coped with them wholly to

your satisfaction. Watching the trees, you miss the forest. The development of ideas is lost in the development of the people through whom they sprang into being. You do, however, achieve a glowing reflection of the liveness, the gallantry, and the passionate artistry of the day.—V. P. R.

The Melody of Chaos—by Houston Peterson: Longmans \$2.50.

American Humor by Constance Rourke: Harcourt, Brace \$3.50.

These are books which should be recommended to readers whose interest in the purely creative forms of writing, fiction and poetry, extends beyond *what* a book is to *why* it is. Mr. Peterson's book might be read in connection with Edmund Wilson's *Axel's Castle* recently mentioned here. He discusses the theme of the "scattered self" so elaborately and insistently presented in contemporary literature; and uses the work of Conrad Aiken as the example to which he refers for proof of his points. Aiken's work is closely related to that of the symbolists of whom Edmund Wilson writes. From the books of Peterson and Wilson the reader may profitably turn to Constance Rourke's *American Humor*. This, in spite of the narrow implication of the title, is actually a study, sharp and brilliant, of American character and the American tradition as developed in literature. It is interesting to take Miss Rourke's conception of the American tradition and to see how far the work of Conrad Aiken and of T. S. Eliot (the only American discussed by Edmund Wilson) belongs to the tradition and how far it diverges from it. Books like these three are too easily dismissed by the casual reader as heavy or dry. They are neither and they will reward any reader by enriching his appreciation of contemporary literature and enlarging his understanding of contemporary spiritual problems.—F. L. R.

Work

We Begin to be Serious About It

MR. HOOVER'S veto of the Wagner bill was another victory for stationary engineering. Hundreds of experts throughout the country tried to persuade him to the contrary, but the President is too profound a convert to the doctrine of *laissez faire* to be distracted by the experts on a matter of principle.

The essence of *laissez faire* is the will to believe that all is well, and the end will be well, if well enough is let alone. It is the will to be serene in the face of a challenging problem. Fortunately, all do not believe that the magnitude of a problem can be diminished by minimizing its importance.

If the number of unemployed, as the statistics seem to indicate, is above 5,000,000, and with no relief in sight for several months yet; then we face a serious turn of affairs. According to the Welfare Council of New York City, this metropolis alone has more than half a million unemployed workers; and that is an extremely conservative estimate. It would tax both public and private relief agencies to the limit to care for 700,000 and their dependents. What of the other 300,000? They must continue to live upon their savings or credit, or on the bounty of their relatives and friends.

What the by-products of months and years of unemployment will be we can only guess. Time alone can tell what it will mean to personal and community morale. On these matters and others equally pertinent, thoughtful minds have long been at work. Whether their conclusions be philosophic analyses or practical proposals, the presses are hard at work grinding them out. Before the year is up we may expect hundreds of books, pamphlets and monographs on the subject of work and unemployment control. Already a good beginning has been made, and we offer only a few of the many publications that have recently come to our attention.

Labor has always challenged man's most sober thinking, according to Adriano Tilgher, whose book, *Work*, was recently translated from the Italian by Dorothy Canfield Fisher (Harcourt, Brace, \$2). Through the ages it has been the custom to rationalize work. To the Greeks and the Romans it was a bore and a burden, to the Hebrews it was a curse from God, while the Christians accepted work to mortify the flesh and purify the soul. It was the Calvinists who prescribed work like bitter medicine

lest man forget to be humble and follow the follies of this world.

Modern man associates work with machines. Machines exist to create new and better machines, to increase production and boost profits. The machine has set work free from all the old associations only to demand for itself the allegiance of the workers; although it rewards them differently, giving to some a "perpetual holiday called prosperity" and to the rest endless toil and insecurity. Of insecurity already much has been written; but perhaps nothing more intriguing than the latest book by R. H. Tawney. He calls it *Equality* (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.25), but the title is misleading. It is really an essay on the tendency of modern society to make inequality a religion. Even the radicals who would redistribute the economic goods of the world just as ardently confirm the unequal distribution of the social goods of the world.

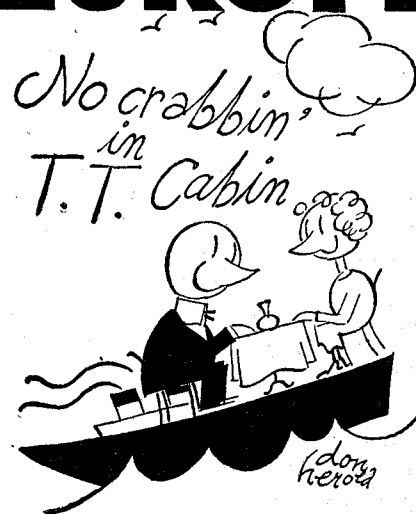
What industry can do to stabilize employment by proper planning is illustrated in a number of instances. It can be done, but most employers lack the foresight. The real responsibility rests with the community, as Joanna C. Colcord points out in a pamphlet recently issued by the Russell Sage Foundation on *Community Planning in Unemployment Emergencies*. This is a study of what many communities have done in the past to coordinate public and private resources in unemployment crises. It is a sort of a handbook on organization in present and future slumps. In fact, this pamphlet takes future slumps for granted, and that brings us to the final and most pertinent point. It may be put in the question: What are the psychological effects of walking the streets, of waiting in breadlines, and finally of knowing that the present crisis will be followed shortly by another, which may be worse?

If we may include just one more book, here is an attempt at an answer. Stanley B. Mathewson has made a study of *Restriction of Output Among Unorganized Workers* (Viking \$3). Among industrial workers throughout the country there is, it appears, a sabotage insistence upon cutting production. Mathewson tried to find out why. There are many answers, but the one most frequently given is the fear of running out of work. Job insecurity steepens into the soul of the worker, instead of habits of industry, sloppy indifference to labor.

NELS ANDERSON.

TAKE YOUR VACATION IN EUROPE
... IT NEED COST NO MORE!

Fun on the rollicking way to EUROPE



Merry-making never gets a minute off in the Tourist third cabin on IMM liners. The crowd is right, the food is right, the accommodations are right, but the price seems all wrong—it's almost too low for such a marvelous voyage. In 1930 the record number of 60,522 passengers travelled in "IMM Tourist."

\$105 up

Delightful Tourist third cabin accommodations on such famous liners as *Majestic*, world's largest ship, *Olympic*, *Homeric*, *Belgenland* and many others.

NO CLASS DISTINCTIONS on the Tourist third cabin liners de luxe, *Pennland* and *Westernland*. Their entire former cabin accommodations are devoted exclusively to Tourist. The only steamers of their kind in the world.

Several sailings each week to the principal ports of Europe and the British Isles.

Send for fascinating literature describing our Tourist third cabin in detail.



30 Principal offices in the U. S. and Canada
Main office, No. 1 Broadway, New York.
Authorized agents everywhere.

WHITE STAR • RED STAR
ATLANTIC TRANSPORT
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE LINES

LONDON MIDLAND and SCOTTISH RAILWAY of GREAT BRITAIN

The London Midland and Scottish Company, the premier railway of Great Britain, invites the public of the United States of America to consider the importance of commencing their European Tours in Ireland or Great Britain. To see first the lands of real romance and history. The lands of the forefathers of so many families now domiciled in America. The lands which have so irresistible a lure for lovers of old world charm and environment.

Tours by rail, road and lake can be arranged from Cobh (Queenstown), Glasgow, Belfast, Londonderry or Liverpool to cover all the historic points of interest. Literature can be supplied which illustrates by written word and picture all the delights and beauty of the lands whose praises are sung by the greatest poets and authors of all time.

Full particulars can be obtained
on application to

THE LONDON MIDLAND AND SCOTTISH CORPORATION

(Dept. D3)

T. R. Dester (Vice-President—Passenger Traffic)
200 Fifth Avenue, New York

Psyllium Seed

From France comes this amazing seed of unusual quality, black, lustrous, with a remarkably high oil content. Cleaned and sterilized by a special process, all chaff, dirt and foreign substances have been removed, offering a perfect Psyllium Seed for medicinal use.

Try this amazing seed for the treatment of constipation. It is not a drug nor a medicine. It is a natural seed, combining in one treatment, the advantages of bran, agar and mineral oil. A five pound tin will be sent, postage prepaid, on receipt of two dollars and ninety-five cents to Seedol Laboratories, Dept. No. 47, 27 West 20th Street, New York City.

FREE CATALOGS, Camps or Schools in U. S. Want for
Girls or Boys? Advice, State Chartered Free Bureau.
AMERICAN SCHOOLS' ASSOCIATION
Times Bldg., N. Y. C., or 17 N. State, Chicago

**If you enjoyed reading
this issue of OUTLOOK
perhaps you want to
read it regularly . .**

Attach \$5.00 and send in the
coupon. We'll do the rest.

Name

Address

SEND TO: OUTLOOK, 120 E. 16th St., N. Y.

►► The Latest Plays ◄◄

By OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

SPECTACULAR experiments have been very much the order of the theatrical week just closing as this is being written. Maybe it's just the primal urge of the spring season which seems to be upon us, or it may have nothing to do with the typical unrest of March, but two of our most prominent producing organizations, the Theatre Guild and the Messrs. Shubert, appear to have felt intolerably trammelled by the limitations of the conventional stage on two successive evenings. For *Miracle at Verdun* the Guild had the Martin Beck wired for talking pictures and threw in a baby revolving stage for good measure, while the Shuberts, in as-

sociation with the redoubtable Morris Gest, countered by turning the Nora Bayes Theatre into The Wonder Bar, supposedly a night club in Paris, in which the audience was inextricably entwined with the performers who appeared from backstage, down the aisles and from entrances half-way back in the auditorium. To make matters even more confusing, they had Al Jolson appear in whiteface and not sing a mammy song. Before going into further details I would like to state that I consider the Guild's bombastic effort a flat failure, but that the gay decorations, the novelty of the treatment of a somewhat hackneyed story, and, above all, Mr. Jolson's infectious wit and good humor, make *The Wonder Bar* definitely a play to be visited.

Unless you stop to think about it for a moment or two, the idea behind *Miracle at Verdun* may seem an excellent one to use as a theme for a play. Hans Chlumberg, the Viennese author, asked himself what would happen if the soldiers who were killed in the War were brought back to life. Well, I'm inclined to agree with the late Herr Chlumberg that everybody would consider them to be pretty much in the way and that they would only further aggravate the unemployment situation. Where his play is essentially specious is that while he has been rational enough in forecasting what

the reactions of the survivors of the Great War would be, he has made the totally unwarranted assumption that the dead soldiers, presumably rational beings, should expect anything else. True, in *Miracle at Verdun*, the resur-

rected warriors finally do decide that the only thing to do is to die again, but it is not before we of the audience have had to sit through a lot of the most ardent pish-posh ever dished out.

The production that the Guild has given the thing is no help, either. Where some illusion of conviction on the part of one or two of the cast of seventy might have covered up some of the weaknesses of the writing, they

were all directed by Herbert Biberman in a hodgepodge of styles, including Yiddish Art Theatre pathos, lame slapstick farce and irritatingly strident and unnecessary shouting. So far as I was concerned, the talking-picture interludes were quite ineffective, because they, too, were a mixture of shots of real soldiers and only too apparent Theatre Guild supers. Had the flesh and blood part of the play been presented with anything resembling continuity or in a consistent mood, the intrusion of the talkies would have seemed even more incongruous than it did.

What *The Wonder Bar* was like in the various European capitals in which it has been played I don't know. I expect that the plot was taken more seriously, and, therefore, I think that we should be grateful to Al Jolson and the adapter for paying as little attention to it as possible. What matters is not the story of the necklace-stealing gigolo and his fair victims, but the opportunity the novel atmosphere and construction give to Mr. Jolson, as the owner and master of ceremonies of The Wonder Bar, to sing and tell gags in his most spontaneous fashion. The prodigal producers have also given us the droll Patsy Kelly and the nimble Carol Chilton and Maceo Thomas, to name only three of the large number of really entertaining entertainers who frequent the place.

Recommended Current Shows

Admirable Crichton: All star cast, headed by Walter Hampden and Fay Bainter, in Barrie's charming old satire.

As Husbands Go: Rachel Crothers' nice clean fun about ladies from Dubuque.

Civic Repertory: Last weeks before laying off for a year.

Fine and Dandy: By all means, unless you want sanity in your humor. Joe Cook.

Five Star Final: The author is good and mad at the tabloids, but has written an exciting show anyway.

Grand Hotel: Life, love and knavery in a continental hotel.

Mrs. Moonlight: Charming sentimental.

Once in a Lifetime: Hollywood gets the razz.

Private Lives: Noel Coward's comic gem with him and Gertrude Lawrence.

Sweet and Low: Fannie Brice, Jim Barton and some good songs.

The Barretts of Wimpole Street: Katharine Cornell at her best as Elizabeth Barrett.

The Green Pastures: You should be ashamed if you haven't seen it at least once.

Tomorrow and Tomorrow: My guess as the 1931 Pulitzer Prize winner.

Vinegar Tree: Imaginary but none the less funny infidelities on Long Island.

▶▶ The New Movies ◀◀

By CREIGHTON PEET

▶▶ "The Front Page"

THE best show in town—any town—is again *The Front Page*, that explosive and delirious play of newspapermen and their racket as recorded by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur a couple of seasons ago. The film version was produced by Howard Hughes, the young Texas oil millionaire who made *Hell's Angels*, and directed by Lewis Milestone, who was responsible for *All Quiet*. On the whole Mr. Milestone has done another grand job. On the stage *The Front Page* was a one-room affair—but Mr. Milestone has so admirably duplicated the breakneck speed of the original in moving picture terms, that the screen edition is quite as exciting as it was on the stage. It is being released by United Artists.

In the rôle of the managing editor we have Adolphe Menjou, doing splendidly and displaying more energy than in his past five films, although still a trifle too well dressed. Hildy Johnson, the unlucky reporter who tries vainly to escape from his job long enough to get married, is played by Pat O'Brien, while others who contribute to the gusty humor are Walter Catlett, Edward Everett Horton, Clarence Wilson and Slim Summerville.

As for the violent and frequently profane language which characterized the original—and made it the first newspaper play to be true to life—it has been retained with admirable fidelity, if not in fact at least in spirit. If you have been around very much you can easily fill in for yourself the blurred-over or omitted items. Anyway, *The Front Page* is grand entertainment.

▶▶ "Dance Fools, Dance"

Joan Crawford has a way of getting mixed up in flashy, third-rate stories, which is distinctly unfair to the lady. I have a feeling that *Dance Fools, Dance*, is supposed to be a great big moral lesson for everybody, but I don't quite know what. Joan is one of those fast society girls, and her brother is a hard-

drinking society boy. When the stock market collapses and wipes them out, their father dies of shock and they are left penniless. Joan gets a job as girl reporter covering gang news in Chicago, while her brother, unknown to her, uses

his social connections to sell liquor. Pretty soon Fate gets to mooching about, and while she is dancing in a show in a night club run by gunmen (in order to get a better story) she finds that her own brother is a gangster and the murderer of another reporter on her paper. About this time he is killed, too, and if you want

to know any more about this movie you better go see it yourself. Perhaps you'll like it.

▶▶ Other New Films

The Great Meadow, from the novel by Elizabeth Madox Roberts about early settlers in Kentucky, has scattered moments of drama, but on the whole it is a mess. I can only agree with the troubled lady behind me who concluded after the picture had run for twenty minutes that it was "an advertisement for next week's picture."

Charlie Chan Carries On is unimportant, but a good show and lots of fun. Warner Oland appears as Earl Derr Biggers' benevolent and all-wise Chinese detective who solves the mystery of a series of murders which occur on a round-the-world cruise.

Way Down East (Revival), D. W. Griffith's old melodrama with Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess and Lowell Sherman stands up remarkably well after eleven years.

▶▶ Morality Bulletin

The words "hell" and "scarlet" must not, hereafter, appear in the titles of films. Recently, although no character was allowed to speak the naughty word on the screen, we have had such titles as *Hell's Angels*, *Hell's Heroes*, *The Doorway to Hell*, etc. From now on the only people who will be allowed to say "Hell" in the movies are the members of the audience.

SEE BONNIE SCOTLAND

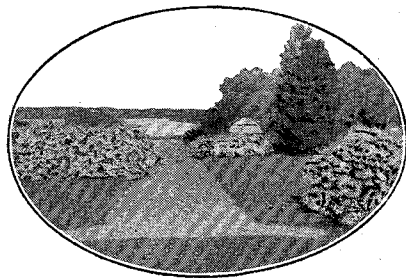


AND TRAVEL BY A WORLD FAMOUS TRAIN

Take the FLYING SCOTSMAN . . . superb train of modern luxury . . . at 10.0 a. m. any week-day from King's Cross Station (London) and in just 8¼ hours you will be in Edinburgh. Glorious Edinburgh . . . Athens of the North they call it . . . well named too . . . the rugged beauty of the castle high upon the rock is not excelled by the Acropolis. When you have seen and left the beauty of Edinburgh, go north to mighty Stirling . . . then further to Balmoral, highland home of the King and Queen. Scotland makes poets . . . you will know why when you have seen the glorious Trossachs and the Western Highlands . . . Scotland makes golfers, too . . . you will understand this also when you have played at St. Andrews. Call or write for new descriptive booklet 33.

COMMUNICATE WITH KETCHAM
General Agent
11 W. 42nd Street, New York

LONDON
AND NORTH EASTERN
RAILWAY
OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND



Middleton Gardens OF MIDDLETON PLACE CHARLESTON, S. C.

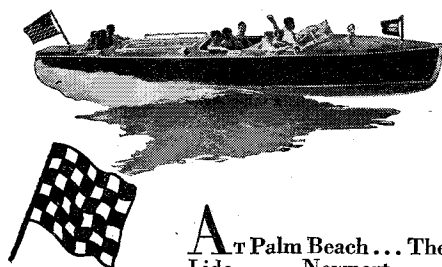
ONE of the Show Places of North America. Rich in the memories of history and beautiful beyond expression. Japonicas and Azaleas planted nearly two hundred years ago blooming in their vivid colors amid aged moss hung oaks and sparkling reflection pools—a world famous spot of botanical wonder.

SEASON
THRU APRIL

OLDEST LANDSCAPE GARDENS
IN AMERICA (1741)



AMERICA'S FASTEST SPEED BOATS



At Palm Beach... The Lido... Newport... Templiner See, Potsdam... Detroit's Harmsworth... Red Bank and a host of other important regatta meets, both here and abroad, Hackercraft have gained the respect of their opponents and the everlasting confidence of their owner drivers by a succession of brilliant victories. Hackercraft are hand built. Each hull is beautifully fashioned and balanced under the direct supervision of John L. Hacker, N. A. They are conceded America's fastest. They are also recognized the world over for their amazing ruggedness and inimitable beauty. To know your boats—write for the new Hackercraft Boat Guide. Mailed without obligation. 22½ to 38 feet—\$2495 to \$17,000

HACKER BOAT COMPANY
561 River Drive, Mt. Clemens, Mich.

HACKER CRAFT
AMERICA'S FASTEST SPEED BOATS

⇒ Prose and Worse ⇐

WE SHOVED our way through the Independent show at the Grand Central Palace last Sunday. This is the one art show to which practically everybody goes, perhaps because here laughter runs less risk of being misplaced. Most of the artists who exhibit here are unknown to fame, and cock-eyed drawing by an unknown artist is cock-eyed drawing; whereas done by a man who has been ballyhooed into prominence, it becomes marvelous felicity of line, or something like that, and then your laughter labels you numbskull. Of course some well-known men do send canvases to the Independent show, and sometimes you can pick them out—but not always. But in general the show is a grand place for the amateur or professional wise-cracker. He'll be just as irresistibly stimulated at some of our better galleries, but there, if he is wise, he will soft-pedal his cracks. Otherwise they may turn and rend him. A friend of ours once pulled in public a very neat wise-crack on a picture. Later, a friend of that friend called him up and told him that the picture he had giggled at was a Picasso. His body was found in the river the next morning. It turned out that the picture wasn't a Picasso after all, but the moral is there just the same.

There were all sorts of pictures at this show, of course. There was only one blue nude this year, but there were a number of mud-colored ones, and—surprisingly—several flesh-colored ones. We think the trouble with most of the nudes is less with the painters than with the models. Possibly good models come high, and it's cheaper to get a broken-down washwoman who has been in three or four railroad accidents—bad ones—than a really well-constructed young woman. Or perhaps lunatics make quieter sitters than intelligent models. Or possibly it's the asylum school of painting. On second thought, it must be that, for even the animals look that way. With the exception, of course, of the placid Jersey cow in one canvas who stands in the lush grass of a pleasant pasture, enveloped in flames, as if she had tried to light a Murad too soon after being dry cleaned.

The show, however, is something more than a playground for the complexes of painters and the wit of visitors. It gives the painter an opportunity to get his work before the public without the intervention of a jury. All he needs is six dollars, and his canvas is hung. The society was founded some fifteen years ago by a group of artists—among them Robert Henri, George Bellows and John Sloan

—to provide an open forum for all expressions of graphic and plastic art. And you cannot look through this show without realizing that however laughable some of the efforts may be, they are for the most part genuinely sincere efforts. And any sincere effort ought to have its chance.

.....
Inebriety test:

"Are you copper-bottoming 'em, my man?"

"No, I'm aluminiuming 'em, mum."

.....
L. D. W. writes: "Following the potlicker and corn-pone fracas, Mr. Hoover's New York *Herald Tribune* discusses fried chicken, a la Maryland, a l'Indiana and a la Cape Cod, adding that 'the wisest cooks never fry their chickens at all.' Which is another way for the Republicans to lose the last one of their Southern Methodist bishops."

.....
While this culinary controversy is raging, we'd like to protest against the prevalent use of the word "tripe" as a term of reproach. In the last issue of this journal, Mr. Peet referred to something as "tripe, even cold pickled tripe." Now we like tripe, and we particularly like pickled tripe. Not cold—no; but dipped in egg and breadcrumbs and fried. True, chefs turn up their noses at this dish. But chefs have always turned up their noses at our native American dishes, simply because they have never been able to master them. No French chef can make decent pie, or decent doughnuts. He makes things he calls pie and doughnuts, but it's obvious, even before you set tooth in them, that they're not pie and doughnuts at all—they're just another kind of French pastry. And when he turns to tripe, he gets it fresh, cuts it in little hunks, and smothers it in a sauce that completely overpowers its delicate native flavor. It is, we suppose, the simplicity of the thing that defeats him. The preparation of tripe—and those other native dishes—is a simple matter. But it requires genius. The preparation of most French culinary triumphs is complicated—and calls for ingenuity and sophistication. These are the two ways of practising any art. But we're getting out of our depth. We merely want to register a protest. To us, when you call a thing tripe, you are using the highest praise. Call it sweetbreads, if you will; then we understand what you mean. But tripe: no. We raise our banner for tripe. Who strikes at it, strikes at us.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

Music

Notable New Recordings

THIS business of comparing recordings of the same work—particularly if one of them is performed by the composer—is great fun. The latest opportunity to play the game is afforded by Brunswick, who have just issued Richard Strauss' *Der Bürger als Edelmann* (*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*) Suite for Chamber Orchestra, with Strauss himself conducting the State Opera Orchestra of Berlin¹. It will be recalled that only a few months ago Columbia brought out this suite played by Walter Straram and his orchestra from Paris². Presumably Herr Strauss knows how he wants his music played, and that is why he takes up one more ride than does Straram with his more lively tempo. Leaving that out of it, one must say that the Parisian orchestra is recorded in far more brilliant fashion and much more clearly.

It is only rarely that a French recording is as clear as the German. Wondering about that, I asked a recording engineer the other day why it was. It had seemed to me for a long time that the original German and English disks were superior to the French and American ones. If this be treason, etc., but he told me that the former actually are better on account of the quality of wax used. Pursuing my enquiries I found, too, that many record collectors insist on importing the German or English pressings even when a composition has been actually recorded in this country. What price our much vaunted monopoly of the best to be had in the way of science?

Two lovely little songs by Hugo Wolf, *Bitterolf* and *Der Tambour*, are also among the latest Brunswick releases. They are sung by Heinrich Schlusnus on a ten-inch disk that I'm sure every one will want who appreciates fine baritone voice handled with perception and intelligence but without affectation³.

Since tardily stumbling upon Polydor's condensed version of *The Gypsy Princess* I have also procured from the importers of the same firm's similar treatment of Johann Strauss' great old operetta, *Die Fledermaus*, which is equally delightful. The artists are again the Berlin State Opera troupe under the direction of Hermann Weigert, except that on one record Erich Kleiber, who led the New York Philharmonic for time last autumn, conducts the overture.

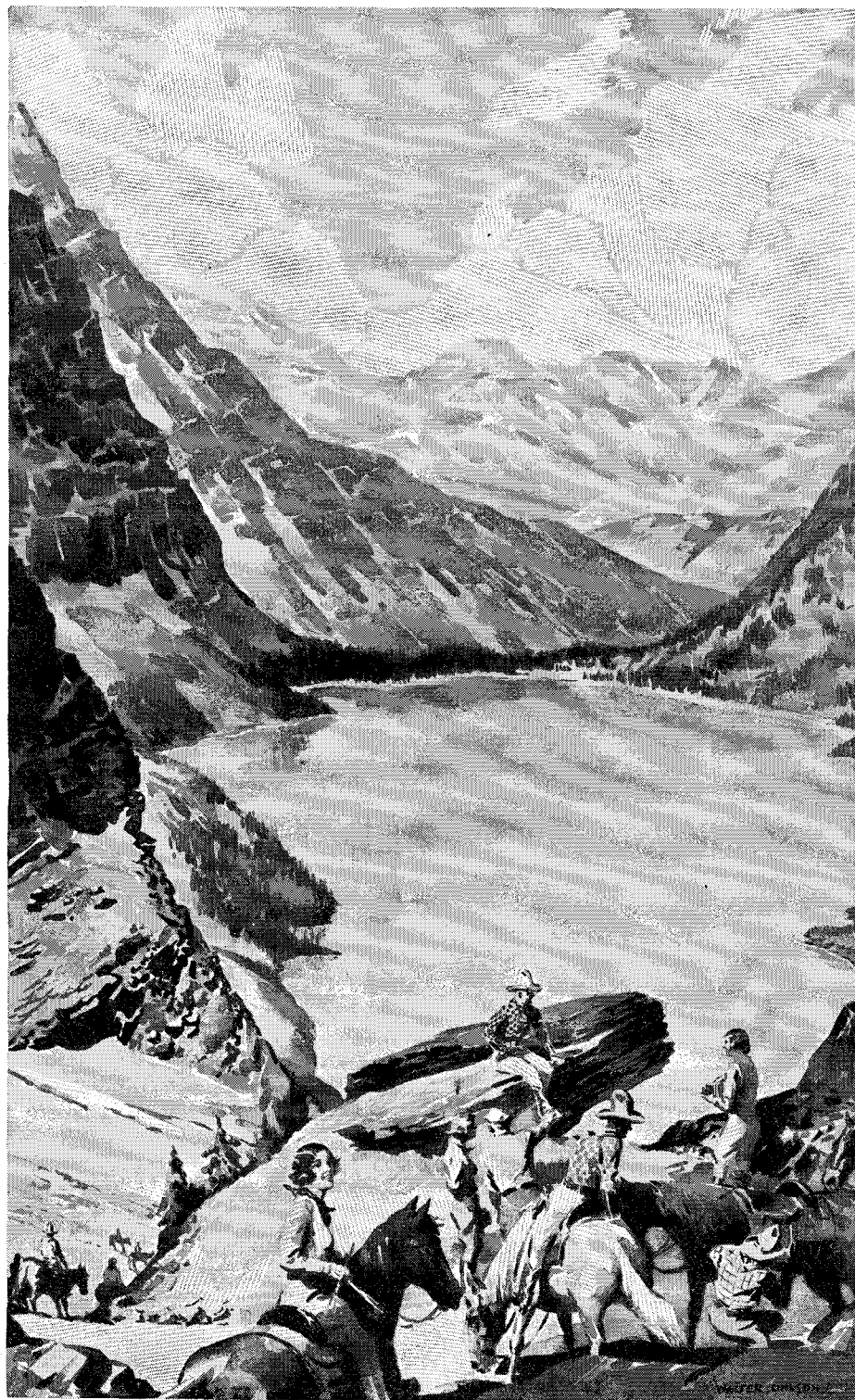
O. C.-T.

1. Brunswick, Album No. 28.

2. Columbia Masterworks No. 148.

3. Brunswick, 85000.

4. Polydor, 66552 and 95313-17/3 m.



Lake Ellen Wilson from Gunsight Pass

Glacier Park's the finest riding country in America!

Recapture the Old West this summer in Glacier Park—thrill to the care-free camaraderie you find. Take to the mountain trails on horseback or climb a glacier, hike over the Divide, fish, golf, or camp out under Montana stars—in short, keep step with youth! For details write Great Northern Vacations, St. Paul. Ask about Escorted Tours.

The New
EMPIRE BUILDER



The Luxurious
ORIENTAL LIMITED

▶▶ Opera Under Difficulties ◀◀

By MARSHALL KERNOCHAN

WE HAVE come to feel that something is lacking if a New York musical season passes by without a visiting grand opera company. They arrive, optimistic and full of hope—they depart wiser and poorer. For some reason, our public seems congenitally averse to “taking a chance”—a factor creating in itself an unfavorable prognosis. Also, the tone of our press toward these organizations is scarcely a friendly one. The burden of proof is always placed squarely upon the shoulders of any newcomers to our musical arena.

This has been strikingly exemplified within the past month in Mecca Temple, which has been the scene of two new grand operatic ventures. The latest is a German company, presenting, during a week's engagement, nine operas, of which seven are Wagner's, the other two being *Don Giovanni* and Eugen d'Albert's *Tiefland*. A truly Herculean task, when we take into account the necessary rehearsals with an orchestra hastily assembled from the lamentably large army of unemployed local material. Of course, the singers are all experienced, and familiar with the works, yet the undertaking would have daunted any heart less stout than that of Max von Schillings, distinguished German composer and conductor. What he can do with a trained ensemble may be appreciated by any who possesses his well-known phonograph reading of the *Meistersinger* overture. His orchestra is totally inadequate for Wagner opera; the strings are fully a third short of the number needful for good results. Moreover, this dearth of strings is thrown into the highest relief by the fact that Mecca Temple is totally unadapted to grand opera. The orchestra sits on a level with the audience, with the inevitable consequence that the brass choir becomes raucous and unduly aggressive. Unfortunately, a properly balanced orchestra would occupy so much of the floor space of Mecca Temple as to leave but little room for the audience. Certainly the management should have engaged a real theatre—there are several idle ones of suitable size—permitting at least a sunken orchestra.

In spite of these adverse conditions, and undismayed by vials of journalistic vitriol, resulting in a decidedly slim audience, a performance of *Walküre* was given Wednesday night highly creditable in most respects and well worthy of better support. The singing was competent and in several places excellent. It was a

pleasure to hear again the smooth phrasing of Johannes Sembach, who has not been with us these fifteen years and is the only German tenor in the writer's ken with such a finished legato style. He learned it from a great teacher, Lilli Lehman, who was one of the earliest demonstrators of the possibility of singing Wagner, instead of using the shouting method euphemistically termed



This Week's Contributors

Janet Kenworthy is the pen name of a woman who “lived twenty years in Pikeville as maid, wife and widow.” She has abandoned Pikeville for a large city, where she is rearing her brood of young children. She says: “I have a job. I also write. So do nine people out of ten.”

Barbara Giles is a young graduate of the School of Journalism of Louisiana State University, now working in Washington. She contributes an occasional column to the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

Alva Johnston is not only a newspaper reporter but a frequent contributor to magazines—*OUTLOOK*, *New Yorker*, *Harper's*, and others.

William O. Scroggs, *OUTLOOK's* regular weekly contributor on finance, has had a long and distinguished career in business and finance. He was an editorial writer for five years on the now defunct *New York World*, and has written several books. He has been professor of economics, financial news writer, statistician, and trade expert for the Shipping Board.



“declaiming.” Esther Stoll as Sieglinde is well equipped vocally and histrionically, but lacks a trifle in the more subtle points of phrasing. Richard Gross was an admirable Wotan, acting with authority, and showing for the most part a sound vocal style. Brünnhilde was sung by our old friend Mme. Gadske, who, though now somewhat handicapped in so heroic and exacting a rôle, yet gave an interpretation interesting for its fine traditions, backed by musicianship and ripe experience. The other eight *Walküres* were, as usual, inadequate, but a good performance of their ensemble is heard so rarely that unfavorable comment seems carping.

The scenery, prepared in Germany, principally upon the viewpoint of portability, is, despite its primitiveness, picturesque in the main, the stage set of the second act being very effective indeed, especially during the combat of Siegmund and Hunding. The latter, by

the way, wore a red wig, which might have been the creation of some dyspeptic dream.

But the real honors must go to Max von Schillings. To him the critical hat is hereby doffed. In spite of a totally unsuitable house, an orchestra ill-balanced and of insufficient personnel, together with the inevitably dampening effect of a small audience, he achieved a comparative smoothness and precision little short of amazing. A Wagner conductor of this caliber is become in these days a *rara avis*. His tempi, phrasing and dynamics were impeccable, and the writer can recall few readings of the last act as finely and dramatically conceived. The audience, in spite of lack of numbers, was exceedingly cordial, and Dr von Schilling's reception almost savored of an ovation. It was deserved.

If, instead of the young German conductor who was tried last winter at the Metropolitan Opera House, when such other possibilities existed—but enough. Why indulge in fruitless speculation?

Pikeville Follows the Social Leader

(Continued from Page 469)

number of women who are independent of their neighbors, they are careless with their social superiority because they have always had it. They aren't nervous. They can afford to be pleasant to the iceman if they feel so inclined.

Are there no others who evince some independence of spirit, who are strong enough to take walks when they wish or to read Plato instead of the current club selection if the spirit so moves? Yes, there are one or two, or rather were there many, for sooner or later that sort gravitates inevitably elsewhere. Right now we point with pride to three women who have gone out of Pikeville into the larger world and have demonstrated that they know how to open bivalves. One is an eminent biographer. One writes short stories which are no banal or popular, but good. The third became a musical comedy star and graduated through marriage into the millionaire class. Her husband, incidentally, is a scholar as well as a millionaire.

Pikeville is immensely proud of all three. Pikeville has reason to be. Pikeville treated all three of these women like step-children, and because they refused to conform to Pikeville standards of success, literally drove them into the world. For in the long run, only mediocrity is valued in Pikeville. The woman who is overcharged with ideas is like live wire dangling in the middle of the street. People are careful not to come in contact with her.

►► Robert Laurent ◀◀

By ARTHUR STRAWN

IT WAS almost thirty years ago that the late Hamilton Easter Field went to paint in the fishing village of Concarneau, in Brittany. There his attention was attracted to a twelve-year-old youngster of the village, a boy with blue eyes and a shock of black hair who answered to the name of Robert Laurent. The boy not only showed a marked interest in Field's paintings, but gave other evidence of strong artistic leanings. Field, an artist, but an enthusiastic teacher and champion of the arts, immediately recognized a talent which he considered worth developing. Before he departed from Concarneau he had persuaded Monsieur and Madame Laurent that Robert was destined to be an artist, and when he returned to Brooklyn in 1902, Robert Laurent went with him.

To live in the same household with Hamilton Easter Field was in itself a liberal education in the arts. He was a man of wide culture, sympathetic, yet possessing a fine critical sense, and his home on Columbia Heights contained an excellent collection of art. Laurent studied informally under Field, gaining as much probably from the atmosphere in which he lived as from explicit instruction. In five years a definite bent toward wood carving had asserted itself in the younger man, and in 1908 Field and Laurent went to Rome. Laurent studied at the British Academy and while there had the additional advantage of having his drawings criticized from time to time by Maurice Sterne. While in Rome Laurent was apprenticed to the famous frame-maker, Guiseppe Dora-ori, working with him for more than a year learning to carve frames, and acquiring a mastery over the carver's tools.

Laurent's first exhibition was in New York in 1915 and it consisted entirely of wood-carvings, a novelty then. His carvings were in relief and, as time has since made plain, were but the first steps in Laurent's steady evolution as an artist. From working in relief, he ventured into carving three dimensional figures and decorations, still working with wood. As he developed in self-assurance, the size of his conceptions grew until it was no longer easy to find the large blocks of wood essential to their realization. It was then that he began to work in stone and bronze, and his highly praised exhibition this winter, as if to emphasize his complete development as a sculptor, as without any carving in wood.

It completes one of the most pleasantories of contemporary art to be able to

record how completely Laurent has vindicated Hamilton Easter Field's inspired confidence in his artistic potentialities. Laurent's works are to be found in numerous private collections and in such public institutions as the Newark and Brooklyn museums, the Art Institute of Chicago and the Barnes Foundation. Although he has never gone in for the pseudo-artistic works that have attracted so much ballyhoo to more spectacular though less significant sculptors, his position as one of the small group of important American sculptors is secure.

Laurent is one of those rare sculptors who looks his part. He is tall and sturdy, with handsome features accentuated by the contrast of blue eyes and curly black hair, equipped with the physical strength to wrestle with stubborn marble and compel it to yield its best. It is natural that he should disdain working in clay. He never makes a small model or preliminary study, but always attacks his material directly. His figures are solid and strong, however graceful, and show a sensuous love for the material itself that is the hall mark of the natural sculptor.

Laurent now owns and lives in the same house in Brooklyn, with its fine view of New York harbor, where he lived with Field. Only now he lives there with his wife, whom he met in Brittany while serving with the American Aviation Forces in France, his two young sons and a pair of Siamese cats. He is an enthusiastic admirer of the works of his contemporaries and has a fine collection of modern paintings. He speaks English with a very slight accent, but his French origin is more clearly indicated by his healthy enjoyment of companionship, a good drink and a good cigar. Almost every Saturday night finds him with a half-dozen friends, artists and cartoonists, bowling at Teutonia Hall. Once a week he teaches a class at the Art Students' League. His summers are spent with his family on a farm in Maine, where, in the absence of a model, he makes sculptures of animals and fowls and carves trees and plants.

The position of Laurent the artist is established; it is a testimonial to Laurent the man, that he is president and one of the founders of the Hamilton Easter Field Foundation, established by a group of pupils and admirers of Field who are making a collection of contemporary art to be presented to some museum as a memorial to Field.

Subscribe Now to

OUTLOOK and Independent

The editorial structure of the OUTLOOK has been designed to accomplish two things: To present a spirited, readable magazine, edited with vigor and insight—and to discuss those subjects which are the intelligent and practical concern of the most influential people in this country.

The OUTLOOK has an open mind. We, and consequently our readers, believe in healthy inquiry. We want to know the temper of our time and to bring to the surface the undercurrents of contemporary life. If you are interested, fill the coupon below.

OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT
120 East 16th Street, New York

DEAR SIR:

Please send the Outlook for one year. Find enclosed five dollars.

(M. O.) (Check)

Name

Address

Outlook and Independent Classified Section

The rate for Classified Advertisements is 60c a line, minimum 4 lines. "Help and Situations Wanted" advertisements 10c a word and small charge for box number. Material should be in this office 13 days prior to publication date of issue in which advertisement is to appear.

For further information write The Outlook Co., 120 East 16th St., New York City

HOTELS AND RESORTS

Connecticut

BERKSHIRES. Exclusive home of distinction. Beautifully furnished, accepts four paying guests; also overnight, week-ends. Absolute quiet; alt. 1,800 ft. Famous view; superlative table. Courtesy extended of referring to established and particular clientele. 1705 Outlook and Independent.

OVERLOOK FARM, Cannondale, Conn. High altitude, Artesian well, every modern improvement. A restful home for paying guests.

England

HOWARD HOTEL, LONDON Elegance & Luxury

Every bedroom is fitted with hot and cold water, central heating and telephone. Elegant suites and many bedrooms with private bathrooms. The restaurant serves the finest of foods and wines in the brightest and most attractive of surroundings. The Lounges are spacious and luxurious. Bedrooms from 10/6 (\$2.50). Send for Illustrated Booklet to Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau which will make reservations for you.

NORFOLK ST., STRAND, W.C.

New York

HOTEL LENOX, North St., west of Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y. Superior accommodations. Good meals. Write direct or Outlook and Independent Bureau for rates, details, bookings.

New York City

THE GARDEN SPOT
67 West 44th St. between 5th & 6th Aves.
Luncheon Dinner
Facing North Side of Hippodrome

Hotel Judson 53 Washington Sq. New York City
Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan \$4 per day and up. European plan \$1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, MANAGER

TOURS AND TRAVEL

EUROPE

THE IDEAL TOUR.
June 30 to Sept. 5.
Eight countries.

Sixty-eight days of delightful travel for only \$695. 54 day tour \$590.

ARGONAUT TOURS
551 Fifth Avenue New York

*May We Present
Your Advertisement
in these Columns?*

Your advertisement placed in these columns will reach our 85,536 alert well-informed subscribers. Outlook assures the advertiser class circulation with real buying power, at a minimum rate. Write:

Outlook Classified Advertising Dept.

TOURS AND TRAVEL

EUROPE

SELECT TOURS from \$695
Cabin Class Steamship Included
VACATION TOURS from \$340
Bermuda-West Indies-Steamship Tickets
Transatlantic Tours
452 Fifth Ave. New York

REAL ESTATE

New Hampshire

SUGAR HILL, N. H. For sale or for rent, season 1931. Attractive furnished cottage near Sunset Hill House. 10 rooms, 2 baths, 2 lavatories. Electric lights. Garage. 6 golf courses within easy reach. Uninterrupted view three mountain ranges. Apply J. B. HARDON, 75 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

Vermont

TO RENT FOR SEASON: 10 room cottage, modern improvements in Manchester, Vermont. For particulars write Box 413, Manchester, Vermont.

New York

Westchester County

IDEAL HOME for business or professional man in private house, English family. Boating, golf and tennis facilities near. Just 45 minutes from New York. Quiet, restful. On inlet of Sound. References. 1761 Outlook and Independent.

MISCELLANEOUS

YOUR HOROSCOPE, CAREFULLY DELINEATED. Full information sent on request. Established 1900. F. EVATT SMITH, Ph.D., Box 102, Buffalo, N. Y.

HOROSCOPES

Scientific Astrology practically applied to business.

Finance, Health, Events. Horoscopes written in detail.
GEORGE W. SMALLWOOD, M. D.
PEPPERELL MASSACHUSETTS

PUZZLE PARTY CARDS—"Rattler"
12 Cross Word Puzzle blanks and key card.
25c per set. 1447 Outlook and Independent.

GENUINE VERMONT MAPLE SUGAR—Ten pound can, \$3.50. Gallon syrup, \$2.50. Postage extra. 24 sugar cakes, \$1.00 prepaid. \$15.00 orders 10% discount. Order now. April shipment. **CARL GRAY,** Fairfax, Vt.

POEM "IF"—by Rudyard Kipling. Printed on beautiful card. Decorative; suitable for framing. 25c each. 1445 Outlook and Independent.

PURE VERMONT MAPLE SYRUP \$2.50 a gallon for No. 1 product. **EMILY H. MOORE,** North Pomfret, Vermont.

SITUATIONS WANTED

YOUNG WOMAN, University graduate, experienced teacher desires position during summer months, or permanently. References. Box 183, Hot Springs, Ark.

VASSAR GRADUATE '30, desires a position as private secretary, hostess, or traveling companion. Speaks French. Excellent references. 9655 Outlook and Independent.

HOUSEMOTHER, hostess. Experienced tactful and capable desires position in preparatory school for boys. References. 9656 Outlook and Independent.

HOUSEKEEPER, middle-aged, refined, for gentleman only. References. Box 62, Ardsley-on-Putnam, N. Y.

SECRETARY and Companion: American widow—Christian desires position with elderly lady or young person semi-invalid. Understands practical nursing and Chiropactic. Good traveller. References exchanged. 9658 Outlook and Independent.

YOUNG MATRON desires a position in motherless home; housekeeper; or traveling companion and secretary. Excellent references exchanged. 9659 Outlook and Independent.

CULTURED LADY, Swiss-American, giving up teaching position, would take charge of estate, children, old people. Travel, two languages. Start October or sooner. Highest references. 9660 Outlook and Independent.

CLUB PAPERS, ARTICLES

CLUB PAPERS, REVIEWS, ARTICLES, specially prepared. Prompt, scholarly service assured. **AUTHORS' RESEARCH BUREAU,** 516 Fifth Avenue, New York.

GRAPHOLOGIST

YOUR HANDWRITING REVEALS WHAT YOU ARE BEST fitted for. Alexander's frank analysis of your handwriting unusual, valuable. \$1.00. **DON ALEXANDER,** 140 East 34th St., New York City.

STATIONERY

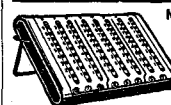
ONE DOLLAR delivers 100 double sheets, 100 envelopes. Fine Writing Paper. Dollar fifteen west of Mississippi River. Satisfaction guaranteed. **DARLING COMPANY,** Box 97, Springfield, Mass.

MART OF THE UNUSUAL

CHESS & CHECKERS
Best and most beautiful Checkers made for Backgammon. Get price list.
C. H. BIRD, BETHLEHEM, CONN.

SORRENTO BOXES—Inlaid woods, for two decks cards, \$3.25. Dante and Beatrice cards, \$2.50 extra. Postpaid. **WIDE WORLD GIFT SHOP,** Lexington, Va.

MART OF THE UNUSUAL



NEW AUTOMATIC ADDER, \$4.75
Makes adding easy. It's accurate, quick, durable and easily operated. Capacity 8 columns. Saves time, brain work and errors. 55,000 please owners. Fully guaranteed. Price \$4.75 delivered. Agents wanted. **J. H. BASSETT & CO.,** Dept. 15, 1458 Hollywood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

USED FIELD GLASSES, BINOCULARS

America's largest assortment. \$1.00 up. **DuMaurier Co.,** Dept. 854A, Elmira, N. Y.

Books

WRITERS—Send at once for free booklet **HOW TO WRITE FOR THE TALKIES** without obligation. **Daniel O'Malley Company, Inc.,** Suite O, 1776 Broadway, New York City.

THE ROSICRUCIANS—FACTS NOT FICTION: who and what they are according to history and their own inner teaching literature mailed on request. **PHILADELPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.,** Bever Hall, Quakertown, Pa.

WESTERN AMERICANA, books on the Indians, local histories of any section of the United States, and other rare and interesting books; catalogs sent on request. **JOHN VAN MALLE, 3331 East 14th Ave., Denver, Colorado.**

FAMOUS CLASSICS at drastic reduction. Boccaccio's Decameron, complete in two vols. illustrated, boxed. (List price \$12.50) C. price \$2.80; Balzac's Droll Stories, complete illustrated, boxed. (\$10.00) Our Price, \$3.50; Babelais Complete Works, two large vols. illustrated, boxed. (\$15.00) Price \$6.75; Satyricon of Petronius, complete, boxed. (\$12.50) Price \$2.10; Tales of La Fontaine, two large vols., illustrated, complete, boxed. (\$12.00) Price \$3.25; Valhek, by Beckfor, hundred illustrations, boxed. (\$5.00) \$2.00; Three Times Tried, complete reports of the Oscar Wilde, limited edition. (\$17.50) Price \$6.75; Burton's Arabian Nights, large vols., illustrated. (\$54.00) Price \$37.50; French Romances, illustrated, complete. (\$6.00) Price \$2.95; How The World Was Illustrated. (\$6.00) Price \$3.75; Balzac's Physiology of Marriage, (\$7.50) Price \$3.75; Casanova's Memoirs, two large vols., illustrated, boxed. (\$15.00) Price \$5.85. Prepay delivery charges. Send for his **RENAISSANCE BOOK CO.,** 1313 West St., New York City.

From an Outlook Classified Advertiser

"I had an enormous number of excellent responses from my classified advertisement in Outlook"—"I shall certainly use your paper another time"—M.E.E.S.

Letters like the one above from people who have used the Classified Advertising Columns of Outlook are its best recommendation.

Have You a Job for Someone?

Let your wants be known. Our readers and their friends will know someone for the job. For rates see the classified columns on this page.

Little "Ads"

The Outlook and Independent Classified columns are carefully guarded and closely read. The circulation of the Outlook and Independent is world-wide.

Its "Wants" Will Fill Yours

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ERRATUM...

Omission of "to the Burns country" was made on opposite page Travel Bureau column. It should precede "of Ayrshire & Dumfries."

To the Editor:

Vergennes, Vt.

SIR—I read with chagrin my own letter published this week, in which I emphasized the action of the National Convention of the American Legion at Boston and tried to dismiss the campaign for cash payments as non-representative of the Legion as a whole. I am compelled to admit that events have not borne out my contention. As it happened you published the letter ten days after I had withdrawn from the Legion completely disillusioned.

I feel no inclination to argue that the bill finally passed cannot properly be called a steal seeing it is consistent with the adjusted compensation act as far as payments are concerned. That it is not a steal is not the fault of the Legion, whose assault was plainly made with the purpose of getting full face value of certificates.

Events have convinced me that the commendable action of the National Convention at Boston and the discreditable rush for payment of certificates at face value (meaning an increase of forty-six per cent in the amount of the original bonus) were the work of the same body acting under different environment.

At Boston the public was present, at least in an intangible sense, as the Legion realized it was in full view of the nation. In this atmosphere it lived up to its traditions. But the talk of loot was in the air and when the men reached home many an ignorant grasping spirit, who could not have uttered a word in the atmosphere of the convention hall came into his own in the seclusion of his local quarters. In this atmosphere the public was not represented. Acquisitiveness could stalk unashamed and the public-conscious man, lacking a disinterested audience, could make but a poor showing. And it was but a step to the telegraph office.

This is my explanation of the utter discrepancy between the two views of the Legion the public has had within four months. The sinister aspect of the matter is the revelation that there is no way in which the grasping element can be made to feel the light of publicity within the Legion itself. Bringing the matter up in the National Convention proved a costly mistake on the part of the raiders, a mistake which I predict will not be repeated. Why risk bringing a rotten case out into the open, now that it has been demonstrated that each post can wave the tomahawk over our sheeplike legislators without once emerging into public view.

WOODBURN HARRIS.

To the Editor:

Chicago

SIR—Don't you think your editorial on Thompson in the current (March 11th) issue of the OUTLOOK was a bit unfair? Not to speak of your cartoon in the same issue, with its "Chicago Voters Choose Bill Thompson"?

Chicago's voters, at any rate the majority of them, did not choose Thompson. He was nominated by a minority controlled by one of the best organized and most ruthless political machines the country has ever known. Surely you must realize that the gang in power enjoys a tremendous advantage, not only because it possesses an army of payrollers but because it is in a position to do "favors" (such as a slight reduction in taxes, for example) for those venal voters who are bright enough to resist the intimidation practised upon the more ignorant.

According to today's *Chicago Tribune*, there are 1,465,392 registered voters in Chicago. Yet because twenty per cent of these supported Thompson you take it upon yourself to deride the remaining eighty per cent and prattle about "the breakdown of democracy." When you consider that Chicago has 490,000 Poles, 350,000 Germans, 175,000 Irish, 150,000 Italians, 250,000 Negroes and innumerable Jews, and that by clever racial appeals Thompson has endeared himself to a very large portion of this enormous group, it is encouraging that he didn't garner considerably more than the 296,242 votes which have so astounded you.

In April the citizens of Chicago will have an opportunity to choose between Thompson and one Anton J. Cermak, Democratic candidate. To thinking voters the latter is not much of an improvement over Thompson, nevertheless they intend to support him and straw votes now being taken indicate that he will win. So on April

8th you doubtless will read that "Thompsonism" has been eliminated, and, even though your own city administration smells to the sky, you will hasten to write an editorial headed "Chicago at last finds herself."

A. E. MUNN.

To the Editor:

Kansas City, Mo.

SIR—In a recent number of the OUTLOOK, one of your readers, Mr. H. V. Coryell, Jr., characterizes your editorial staff as "rude, cheap, vulgar," etc., in their treatment of public personalities, and bewails the fact that no one has shot the editors, as was the old-fashioned practice.

It seems to me that Mr. Coryell is a representative of a type much too prevalent in these sometimes United States—the hero-worshipper. Iconoclasm is cheap and vulgar, at least when it is indulged in purely for the puerile pleasure of destroying another's idols. But I cannot believe that such is the object of your great magazine.

The editorial reference in the current issue to William Hale Thompson is a case in point, although an exaggerated one. Does not Mr. Coryell deplore the gross ignorance of a population which can be taken in by such ballyhoo and blatant charlatanism as Big Bill put out? Surely, he will concede this. Well, it is my opinion that this country has many more "Big Bills"—though none quite so rank, perhaps—whose only reason for not being so easily detected by the multitudes is their more subtle tactics. As the OUTLOOK so ably pointed out, Big Bill knew his people. He knew what would win their votes. Similarly do many of our other "big shots," who know there are votes to be won by the use of soul-stirring words about patriotism, prohibition, law-enforcement, et al.

I do not believe my viewpoint warped to the point that editorial comment of the destructive kind is actually "meat and drink," but several years' experience as a newspaper reporter, much of whose time was spent interviewing the so-called "celebrities," has given me a tendency to view with profound skepticism the average altruism of the "big shots," and a great admiration for those few publications whose writers are permitted to speak frankly without fear of losing support or circulation.

THE OUTLOOK deserves a wider circulation, and the people of this country need what it has to say.

KIP ROSS.

To the Editor:

Johnston, N. Y.

SIR—Allow, if you will, an Englishman who has lived during the past twenty-five years in the good old U. S. A. to blow off a little steam, and say that, most unreservedly, I consider your "Priestley" editorial the most brilliant sample of balanced *esprit de corps* that I have ever read anywhere, at any time.

These chaps are all aware that the best of their countrymen live in this hemisphere.

ERNEST WERNINCK.

To the Editor:

Minneapolis

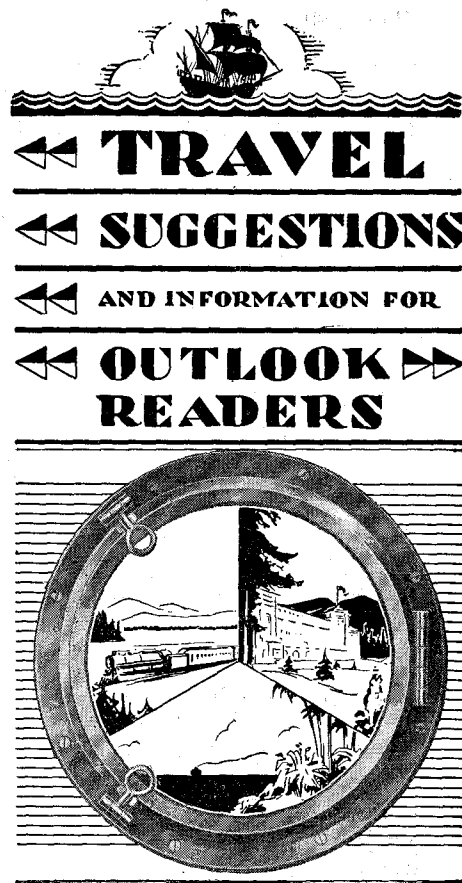
SIR—Is it really your candid opinion, gentlemen—but of course it is not because you seem to be normal enough in other ways—that the saloon would be a blessing to our land? Why do you not use your influence for the good of the people instead of what you are doing?

Just tonight I find you make the statement that "figures may show [may show, whatever that means; you seem to think that it means a fact] that the country is now against prohibition in the ratio of two to one." Sic!

Sirs, turn from your evil editorial ways and come out for that which every particle of history and experience, every particle of real worth brought out by honest investigation have shown, viz., that prohibition is the greatest blessing this country of ours has received in the way of legislation for a hundred years.

Quit playing the traitor to the Constitution and to humanity!

REV. H. C. CASPERSEN.



Before setting sail for England hearts should be hardened, or the utter loveliness of England's byways added to the charm of Cathedral and University towns will melt them entirely.

¶ All travelers to England gravitate first to London, whose fame attracts, then branching out excursions are made far and wide to Edinburgh, to the Scott Country of Ayrshire and Dumfries. ¶ Shakespeare Country and The Malvern Festivals will draw many, while Cornwall and Wales should not be overlooked. ¶ The chief places of Great Britain are easily reached from the great railway lines which have an intimate contact with the landscape, and the motor roads are good. ¶ For details and information on the trip you are planning, either to Europe or in our own country, write Mrs. Kirkland, director.

OUTLOOK TRAVEL BUREAU

120 E. 16TH ST. NEW YORK

SELL, EXCHANGE OR RENT

Your Real Estate Offerings

Advertise in the
**OUTLOOK ANNUAL
REAL ESTATE ISSUES**

*Advertising Accepted Now for
April 29th and May 27th Issues*



A CALIFORNIA HOME IN LONDON

A home of sixteen rooms in exclusive CLAREMONT COURT. One of the outstanding residential sections in the San Francisco Bay district, situated on the slopes of the Berkeley Hills in view of San Francisco Bay; where flowers bloom all the year. Within forty-five minutes of San Francisco and ten minutes of the University of California now the largest institute of learning in the world. This home is beautifully located and the interior finish shows many special and original features both for comfort and entertaining. Price and complete information including photos sent on request. Address O'Neill Realty Company, Street Address and City, California.

Small classified ads with or without illustrations such as those on the right (which were run last year in Outlook's Special Real Estate Section) have sold thousands of dollars' worth of property. 1931 is the seventh annual season that Outlook has offered this Real Estate Service to its readers. Its success as a medium for Real Estate advertising has made it very popular, and the cost is most reasonable If you like, we will prepare the advertising copy for you from your data and information. Engravings will be made from your photograph or drawing at the actual cost price Advertising copy for the *third issue*, April 29, will be received up to April 16 Mail the coupon today for complete information.

MAIL THE COUPON TODAY TO RECEIVE SPECIMEN SHEET OF REAL ESTATE ADS

The Outlook Company
120 E. 16th Street
New York City

Gentlemen: I should like to know more about Outlook Special Real Estate Issues. Send me information and complete details regarding the cost of placing an advertisement in these issues. Also send your Specimen Sheet of Real Estate Ads. showing various sizes and arrangements.

Name

Address

I am interested in the following real estate issues:

☐ APRIL
29th

☐ MAY
27th

☐ BOTH ISSUES



Cottage for Season QUAKER HILL INN

Pawling, County, State
Non-housekeeping, attractive, freedom from care; maid service, light, linen, etc. supplied. Excellent meals at Inn near. Reasonable. Elevation 1,200 feet. Golf course. Berkshires, sixty miles from New York; excellent train service. Address Management, Quaker Hill Inn, City, State.

**PINE ORCHARD FOR SALE
OR RENT**
Connecticut's finest Shore Resort. House well located—Six bed rooms, two baths, extra toilets, lavatories, showers. Very complete and up to date. Box 982, Address, Conn.

**HOME COMFORTS
PLEASANT SURROUNDINGS**
Cheery company for a few refined people. Mrs. Emma F. Bartlett, Town, N. H.

SPA SANATORIUM

One of best in U. S. A. Very complete, 2 houses, 23 bedrooms—A big money-maker. To settle estate, only \$25,000—terms. Send for photo. CLINE, Address, N. Y.

FOR SALE or LEASE

Seven-room Colonial. Sun room, living room with log burning fireplace, dining room, kitchen, three bedrooms, one bath. Built-in heated garage. Wash trays and toilet in cellar. Steam heat. Copper screens. Plot 61 x 104 shrubbed. S. E. MAGUIRE Street Address and City, N. Y.

ADIRONDACKS (Paradox Lake)—For rent, bungalow, attractive, for practical Summer comfort; modern conveniences; all sports. Charles A. Darby, Jr., Address and City, Mass.